# ESSAYS,

# MORAL

AND

# POLITICAL.

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VOLUME II.

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Richard Warner

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# Advertiſement.

'TIS proper to inform the READER, that, in thoſe ESSAYS, intitled, *The Epicurean*, *Stoic*, &c. a certain Character is perſonated; and therefore, no Offence ought to be taken at any Sentiments contain'd in them.

THE Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was drawn ſome Months ago, when that Great MAN was in the Zenith of his Power. I muſt confeſs, that, at preſent, when he ſeems to be upon the Decline, I am inclin'd to think more favourably

rably of him, and to ſuſpect, that the Antipathy, which every true born *Briton* naturally bears to Miniſters of State, inſpir'd me with ſome Prejudice againſt him. The impartial READER, if any ſuch there be; or Poſterity, if ſuch a Trifle can reach them, will beſt be able to correct my Miſtakes in this Particular.

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## *ERRATA.*

PAGE 49, Line 20, for *out* read *up*. P. 106, L. 3, for *God* read *Gods*. P. 125, L. *antepen.* for the *Comma* a *Point*.

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ESSAY

# ESSAY I.

## *Of* ESSAY-WRITING.

THE elegant Part of Mankind, who are not immers'd in the animal Life, but employ themſelves in the Operations of the Mind, may be divided into the *learned* and *converſible*. The Learned are ſuch as have choſen for their Portion the higher and more difficult Operations of the Mind, which require Leiſure and Solitude, and cannot be brought to Perfection, without long Preparation and ſevere Labour. The converſible World join to a ſociable Diſpoſition, and a Taſte of Pleaſure, an Inclination to the eaſier and more gentle Exerciſes of the Underſtanding, to obvious Reflections on human Affairs, and the Duties of common Life, and to the Obſervation of the Blemiſhes or Perfections of the particular Objects, that ſurround them. Such Subjects of Thought furniſh not ſufficient Employment in Solitude, but require the Company and Converſation of our Fellow-Crea-

tures, to render them a proper Exercise for the Mind: And this brings Mankind together in Society, where every one displays his Thoughts and Observations in the best Manner he is able, and mutually gives and receives Information, as well as Pleasure.

THE Separation of the Learned from the conversible World seems to have been the great Defect of the last Age, and must have had a very bad Influence both on Books and Company: For what Possibility is there of finding Topics of Conversation fit for the Entertainment of rational Creatures, without having Recourse sometimes to History, Poetry, Politics, and the more obvious Principles, at least, of Philosophy? Must our whole Discourse be a continued Series of gossipping Stories and idle Remarks? Must the Mind never rise higher, but be perpetually

*Stun'd and worn out with endless Chat*
*Of WILL did this, and NAN said that.*

THIS wou'd be to render the Time spent in Company the most unentertaining, as well as the most unprofitable Part of our Lives.

ON

ON the other Hand, Learning has been as great a Loſer by being ſhut up in Colleges and Cells, and ſecluded from the World and good Company. By that Means, every Thing of what we call *Belles Lettres* became totally barbarous, being cultivated by Men without any Taſte of Life or Manners, and without that Liberty and Facility of Thought and Expreſſion, which can only be acquir'd by Converſation. Even Philoſophy went to Wrack by this moaping recluſe Method of Study, and became as chimerical in her Concluſions as ſhe was unintelligible in her Stile and Manner of Delivery. And indeed, what cou'd be expected from Men who never conſulted Experience in any of their Reaſonings, or who never ſearch'd for that Experience, where alone it is to be found, in common Life and Converſation?

'TIS with great Pleaſure I obſerve, That Men of Letters, in this Age, have loſt, in a great Meaſure, that Shyneſs and Baſhfulneſs of Temper, which kept them at a Diſtance from Mankind; and, at the ſame Time, That Men of the World are proud of borrowing from Books their moſt agreeable Topics of Con-

Converſation. 'Tis to be hop'd, that this League betwixt the learned and converſible Worlds, which is ſo happily begun, will be ſtill farther improv'd to their mutual Advantage; and to that End, I know nothing more advantageous than ſuch *Eſſays* as theſe with which I endeavour to entertain the Public. In this View, I cannot but conſider myſelf as a Kind of Reſident or Ambaſſador from the Dominions of Learning to thoſe of Converſation; and ſhall think it my conſtant Duty to promote a good Correſpondence betwixt theſe two States, which have ſo great a Dependence on each other. I ſhall give Intelligence to the Learned of whatever paſſes in Company, and ſhall endeavour to import into Company whatever Commodities I find in my native Country proper for their Uſe and Entertainment. The Balance of Trade we need not be jealous of, nor will there be any Difficulty to preſerve it on both Sides. The Materials of this Commerce muſt chiefly be furniſh'd by Converſation and common Life: The manufacturing of them alone belongs to Learning.

As 'twou'd be an unpardonable Negligence in an Ambaſſador not to pay his Reſpects to the

the Sovereign of the State where he is commiſſion'd to reſide; ſo it wou'd be altogether inexcuſable in me not to addreſs myſelf, with a particular Reſpect, to the Fair Sex, who are the Sovereigns of the Empire of Converſation. I approach them with Reverence; and were not my Countrymen, the Learned, a ſtubborn independent Race of Mortals, extremely jealous of their Liberty, and unaccuſtom'd to Subjection, I ſhou'd reſign into their fair Hands the ſovereign Authority over the Republic of Letters. As the Caſe ſtands, my Commiſſion extends no farther, than to deſire a League, offenſive and defenſive, againſt our common Enemies, againſt the Enemies of Reaſon and Beauty, People of dull Heads and cold Hearts. From this Moment let us purſue them with the ſevereſt Vengeance: Let no Quarter be given, but to thoſe of ſound Underſtandings and delicate Affections; and theſe Characters, 'tis to be preſum'd, we ſhall always find inſeparable.

To be ſerious, and to quit the Alluſion before it be worn thread-bare, I am of Opinion, that Women, that is, Women of Senſe and Education (for to ſuch alone I addreſs myſelf) are

are much better Judges of all polite Writing than Men of the ſame Degree of Underſtanding; and that 'tis a vain Pannic, if they be ſo far terrify'd with the common Ridicule that is levell'd againſt learned Ladies, as utterly to abandon every Kind of Books and Study to our Sex. Let the Dread of that Ridicule have no other Effect, than to make them conceal their Knowledge before Fools, who are not worthy of it, nor of them. Such will ſtill preſume upon the vain Title of the Male Sex to affect a Superiority above them: But my fair Readers may be aſſur'd, that all Men of Senſe, who know the World, have a great Deference for their Judgment of ſuch Books as ly within the Compaſs of their Knowledge, and repoſe more Confidence in the Delicacy of their Taſte, tho' unguided by Rules, than in all the dull Labours of Pedants and Commentators. In a neighbouring Nation, equally famous for good Taſte, and for Gallantry, the Ladies are, in a Manner, the Sovereigns of the *learned* World, as well as of the *converſible*; and no polite Writer pretends to venture upon the Public, without the Approbation of ſome celebrated Judges of that Sex. Their Verdict is, indeed, ſometimes complain'd of; and, in particular,

I find,

I find, that the Admirers of *Corneille*, to ſave that great Poet's Honour upon the Aſcendant that *Racine* began to take over him, always ſaid, That it was not to be expected, that ſo old a Man could diſpute the Prize, before ſuch Judges, with ſo young a Man as his Rival. But this Obſervation has been found unjuſt, ſince Poſterity ſeems to have ratify'd the Verdict of that Tribunal: And *Racine*, tho' dead, is ſtill the Favourite of the Fair Sex, as well as of the beſt Judges among the Men.

THERE is only one Subject, on which I am apt to diſtruſt the Judgment of Females, and that is, concerning Books of Gallantry and Devotion, which they commonly affect as high flown as poſſible; and moſt of them ſeem more delighted with the Warmth, than with the juſtneſs of the Paſſion. I mention Gallantry and Devotion as the ſame Subject, becauſe, in Reality, they become the ſame when treated in this Manner; and we may obſerve, that they both depend upon the very ſame Complexion. As the Fair Sex have a great Share of the tender and amorous Diſpoſition, it perverts their Judgment on this Occaſion, and makes them be eaſily affected, even by what

what has no Propriety in the Expreſſion nor Nature in the Sentiment. Mr. *Addiſon*'s elegant Diſcourſes of Religion have no Reliſh with them, in Compariſon of Books of myſtic Devotion: And *Otway*'s Tragedies are rejected for the Rants of Mr. *Dryden*.

WOU'D the Ladies correct their falſe Taſte in this Particular; Let them accuſtom themſelves a little more to Books of all Kinds: Let them give Encouragement to Men of Senſe and Knowledge to frequent their Company: And finally, let them concur heartily in that Union I have projected betwixt the learned and converſible Worlds. They may, perhaps, meet with more Complaiſance from their uſual Followers than from Men of Learning; but they cannot reaſonably expect ſo ſincere an Affection: And, I hope, they will never be guilty of ſo wrong a Choice, as to ſacrifice the Subſtance to the Shadow.

# ESSAY II.

## *Of* ELOQUENCE.

THOSE, who conſider the Periods and Revolutions of human Kind, as repreſented in Hiſtory, are entertain'd with a Spectacle full of Pleaſure and Variety, and ſee, with Surprize, the Manners, Cuſtoms, and Opinions of the ſame Species ſuſceptible of ſuch prodigious Changes in different Periods of Time. It may, however, be obſerv'd, That in *civil* Hiſtory there is found a much greater Uniformity than in the Hiſtory of Learning and Science, and that the Wars, Negotiations and Politics of one Age reſemble more thoſe of another, than the Taſte, Wit, and ſpeculative Principles. Intereſt and Ambition, Honour and Shame, Friendſhip and Enmity, Gratitude and Revenge, are the prime Movers in all public Tranſactions; and theſe Paſſions are of a very ſtubborn and intractable Nature, in Compariſon of the Sentiments and Underſtanding, which are eaſily varied

by Education and Example. The *Goths* were much more inferior to the *Romans*, in Taſte and Science, than in Courage and Virtue.

BUT not to compare together Nations ſo widely different, that they may almoſt be eſteem'd of a different Species; it may be obſerv'd, That even this latter Period of human Learning, is, in many Reſpects, conſiderably different from the antient; and that if we be ſuperior in Philoſophy, we are ſtill, notwithſtanding all our Refinements, much inferior in Eloquence.

IN antient Times, no Performance was thought to require ſo great Genius and Capacity, as that of ſpeaking in Public; and ſome eminent Writers have pronounc'd the Talents, even of a great Poet or Philoſopher, to be of an inferior Nature to thoſe requiſite for ſuch an Undertaking. *Greece* and *Rome* produc'd, each of them, but one accompliſh'd Orator; and whatever Praiſes the other celebrated Speakers might merit, they were ſtill eſteem'd much inferior to thoſe two great Heroes of Eloquence. 'Tis obſervable, That the antient Critics could ſcarce find two Orators, in any Age,

Age, that deſerv'd to be plac'd preciſely in the ſame Rank, and poſſeſs'd the ſame Degree of Merit. *Calvus*, *Cælius*, *Curio*, *Hortenſius*, *Cæſar* roſe one above another: But the greateſt of that Age was inferior to *Cicero*, the moſt eloquent Speaker that had ever appear'd in *Rome*. Thoſe of fine Taſte, however, pronounc'd this Judgment of the *Roman* Orator, as well as of the *Grecian* that both of them ſurpaſs'd in Eloquence all that had ever appear'd, but that they were far from reaching the Perfection of their Art, which was infinite, and not only exceeded human Force to attain, but alſo human Imagination to conceive. *Cicero* declares himſelf diſſatisfy'd with his own Performances; nay, even with thoſe of *Demoſthenes*. *Ita ſunt avidæ & capaces meæ aures*, ſays he, *& ſemper aliquid immenſum, infinitumque deſiderant*.

THESE Circumſtances alone are ſufficient to make us apprehend the wide Difference betwixt antient and modern Eloquence, and let us ſee how much the latter is inferior to the former. Of all the polite and learned Nations, *Britain* alone poſſeſſes a popular Government, or admits into the Legiſlature ſuch numerous

merous Aſſemblies as can be ſuppos'd to lye under the Dominion of Eloquence. But what has *Britain* to boaſt of in this Particular? In enumerating all the great Men, that have done Honour to our Country, we exult in our Poets and Philoſophers: But what Orators are ever mention'd? Or where are the Monuments of their Genius to be met with? There are found, indeed, in our Hiſtories the Names of ſeveral, who directed the Reſolutions of our Parliament: But neither themſelves nor others have taken the Pains to preſerve their Speeches; and the Authority they poſſeſs'd ſeems to have been owing to their Experience, Wiſdom, or Power, more than to their Talents for Oratory. At preſent, there are above half a dozen Speakers in the two Houſes, who, in the Judgment of the Public, have reach'd very near the ſame Pitch of Eloquence; and no Man pretends to give any one the Preference to the reſt. This ſeems to me a certain Proof, that none of them have attain'd much beyond a Mediocrity in their Art, and that the Species of Eloquence they aſpire to, gives no Exerciſe to the ſublimer Faculties of the Mind, but may be reach'd by ordinary Talents and a ſlight Application. A hundred Cabinet-makers in

*London*

*London* can work a Table or a Chair equally well; but no one Poet can write Verſes with ſuch Spirit and Elegance as Mr. *Pope*.

WE are told, that when *Demoſthenes* was to plead, all the ingenious Men flock'd to *Athens* from the moſt remote Parts of *Greece*, as to the moſt celebrated Spectacle of the World †. At *London*, you may ſee Men ſauntering in the Court of Requeſts, while the moſt important Debate is carrying on in the two Houſes; and many do not think themſelves ſufficiently compenſated, for the loſing of their Dinners, by all the Eloquence of our moſt celebrated Speakers. When old *Cibber* is to act, the Curioſity of the Public is more excited, than when our prime Miniſter is to defend himſelf from a Motion for his Removal or Impeachment.

EVEN a Perſon unacquainted with the noble Remains of antient Orators may judge, from

† Ne illud quidem intelligunt, non modo ita memoriæ proditum eſſe, ſed ita neceſſe fuiſſe, cum *Demoſthenes* dicturus eſſet, ut concurſus, audiendi cauſa, ex tota *Græcia* fierent. At cum iſti *Attici* dicunt, non modo a corona (quod eſt ipſum miſerabile) ſed etiam ab advocatis relinquuntur.

Cicero de Claris oratoribus.

from a few Strokes, that the Stile or Species of their Eloquence was infinitely more ſublime than that which modern Orators aſpire to. How abſurd would it appear, in our temperate and calm Speakers, to make Uſe of an *Apoſtrophe*, like that noble one of *Demoſthenes*, ſo much celebrated by *Quinctilian* and *Longinus*, when, juſtifying the unſucceſsful Battle of *Charonea*, he breaks out, *No, my Fellow-Citizens, No: You have not err'd. I ſwear by the* Manes *of thoſe Heroes, who fought for the ſame Cauſe in the Plains of* MARATHON *and* PLATÆA. Who cou'd now endure ſuch a bold and poetical Figure, as that which *Cicero* imploys, after deſcribing in the moſt tragical Terms the Crucifixion of a *Roman* Citizen. *Should I paint the Horrors of this Scene, not to* Roman *Citizens, not to the Allies of our State, not to thoſe who have ever heard of the* Roman *Name, not even to Men, but to Brute-Creatures; or, to go farther, ſhould I lift up my Voice, in the moſt deſolate Solitude, to the Rocks and Mountains, yet ſhould I ſurely ſee thoſe rude and inanimate Parts of Nature mov'd with Horror and Indignation at the Recital of ſo enormous an Action.*

*Action* †. With what a Blaze of Eloquence muſt ſuch a Sentence be ſurrounded to give it Grace, or cauſe it to make any Impreſſion on the Hearers! And what noble Art and ſublime Talents are requiſite to arrive, by juſt Degrees, at a Sentiment ſo bold and exceſſive: To inflame the Audience, ſo as to make them accompany the Speaker in ſuch violent Paſſions, and ſuch elevated Conceptions: And to conceal, under a Torrent of Eloquence, the Artifice, by which all this is effectuated!

SUITABLE to this Vehemence of Thought and Expreſſion, was the Vehemence of Action, obſerved in the ancient Orators. The *ſupploſio pedis*, or ſtamping with the Foot, was one of the moſt uſual and moderate Geſtures

† *The Original is inimitable.* Quod ſi hæc non ad cives Romanos, non ad aliquos amicos noſtræ civitatis, non ad eos qui populi Romani nomen audiſſent; denique, ſi non ad homines, verum ad beſtias; aut etiam, ut longius progrediar, ſi in aliqua deſertiſſima ſolitudine, ad ſaxa & ad ſcopulos hæc conqueri & deplorare vellem, tamen omnia muta atque inanima, tanta & tam indigna rerum atrocitate commoverentur.

Cic. in Ver.

tures they made uſe of†; tho' that is now eſteem'd too violent, either for the Senate, Bar, or Pulpit, and is only admitted into the Theatre, to accompany the moſt violent Paſſions, that are there repreſented.

I am ſomewhat at a Loſs to what Cauſe we may aſcribe ſo ſenſible a Decline of Eloquence in latter Ages. The Genius of Mankind, at all Times, is, perhaps, equal: The Moderns have applied themſelves, with great Induſtry and Succeſs, to all the other Arts and Sciences: And one of the moſt learned Nations of the Univerſe poſſeſſes a popular Government; which ſeems requiſite for the full Diſplay of theſe noble Talents: But notwithſtanding all theſe Advantages, our Progreſs in Eloquence is very inconſiderable, in Compariſon of the Advances we have made in all the other Parts of Learning.

SHALL

† Ubi dolor? Ubi ardor animi, qui etiam ex infantium ingeniis elicere voces & querelas ſolet? nulla perturbatio animi, nulla corporis; frons non percuſſa, non femur; pedis (*quod minimum eſt*) nulla ſupploſio. Itaque tantum abfuit ut inflammares noſtros animos; ſomnum iſto loco vix tenebamus.

Cicero de Claris oratoribus.

SHALL we aſſert, That the Strains of antient Eloquence are unſuitable to our Age, and not to be imitated by modern Orators? Whatever Reaſons may be made Uſe of to prove this, I am perſwaded, they will be found, upon Examination, to be unſound and unſatisfactory.

*Firſt*, IT may be ſaid, That, in antient Times, during the flouriſhing Period of the *Greek* and *Roman* Learning, the municipal Laws, in every State, were but few and ſimple, and the Deciſion of Cauſes was, in a great Meaſure, left to the Equity and common Senſe of the Judges. The Study of the Laws was not then a laborious Occupation, which requir'd the Drudgery of a whole Life to finiſh it, and was utterly incompatible with every other Study or Profeſſion. The great Stateſmen and Generals among the *Romans* were all Lawyers; and *Cicero*, to ſhow the Facility of this Science, declares, That, in the midſt of all his Occupations, he would undertake, in a few Days, to make himſelf a compleat Civilian. Now, where a Pleader addreſſes himſelf to the Equity of his Judges, he has much more Room to diſplay his Eloquence, than where he muſt draw his Arguments from ſtrict Laws,

Statutes and Precedents. In the former Caſe, many Circumſtances muſt be taken in, many perſonal Conſiderations regarded; and even Favour and Inclination, which it belongs to the Orator, by his Art and Eloquence, to conciliate, may be diſguis'd under the Appearance of Equity. But, how ſhall a modern Lawyer have Leiſure to quit his laborious Occupations, in order to gather the Flowers of *Parnaſſus?* Or, what Opportunity ſhall he have of diſplaying them, amidſt the rigid and ſubtile Arguments, Objections and Replies, which he is oblig'd to make Uſe of? The greateſt Genius, and greateſt Orator, who ſhou'd pretend to plead before the *Chancellor*, after a Month's Study of the Laws, wou'd only labour to make himſelf ridiculous.

I AM ready to own, that this Circumſtance, of the Multiplicity and Intricacy of Laws, is a Diſcouragement to Eloquence in modern Times: But I aſſert, That it will not account intirely for the Decline of that noble Art. It may baniſh Oratory from *Weſtminſter-hall*, but not from either of the Houſes of Parliament. Among the *Athenians*, the *Areopagites* expreſly forbad all Allurements of Eloquence; nor do

do we find, in the *Greek* Orations wrote in the *judiciary* Form, ſuch a bold and rhetorical Stile as appears in the *Roman*. But to what a Pitch did the *Athenians* carry their Eloquence in the *deliberative* Kind, when Affairs of State were canvaſt, and the Liberty, Happineſs, and Honour of the Nation were the Subjects of Debate? Diſputes of this Nature elevate the Genius above all others, and give the fulleſt Scope to Eloquence; and ſuch Diſputes are very frequent in this Nation.

*Secondly*, IT may be pretended, That the Decline of Eloquence is owing to the ſuperior good Senſe of the Moderns, who reject, with Diſdain, all thoſe rhetorical Tricks, which may be imploy'd to ſeduce the Judges, and will admit of nothing but ſolid Argument in any Debate or Deliberation. If a Man be accus'd of Murder, the Fact muſt be prov'd by Witneſſes and Evidence; and the Laws will afterwards determine the Puniſhment of the Criminal. It would be ridiculous to deſcribe, in ſtrong Colours, the Horror and Cruelty of the Action: To introduce the Relations of the Dead; and, at a Signal, make them throw themſelves at the Feet of the Judges, imploring

ring Juſtice with Tears and Lamentations: And ſtill more ridiculous would it be, to imploy a Painter to draw a Picture repreſenting the bloody Feat, in order to move the Judges by the Diſplay of ſo tragical a Spectacle: Tho' we know, that this poor Artifice was ſometimes practis'd by the Pleaders of Old. Now, baniſh the Pathetic from public Diſcourſes, and you reduce the Speakers merely to modern Eloquence; that is, to Good-Senſe, deliver'd in proper Expreſſions.

PERHAPS it may be acknowledg'd, That our modern Cuſtoms, or our ſuperior Good-Senſe, if you will, ſhould make our Orators more cautious and reſerv'd than the antient, in attempting to inflame the Paſſions, or elevate the Imagination of their Audience: But, I ſee no Reaſon, why it ſhould make them deſpair abſolutely of ſucceeding in that Attempt. It ſhould make them redouble their Art, not abandon it intirely. The antient Orators ſeem alſo to have been on their Guard againſt this Jealouſy of their Audience; but they took a different Way of eluding it †. They hurry'd away with ſuch a Torrent of Sublime and Pathetic,

† *Longinus*, Cap. 15.

thetic, that they left their Hearers no Leiſure to perceive the Artifice, by which they were deceiv'd. Nay, to conſider the Matter aright, they were not deceiv'd by any Artifice. The Orator, by the Force of his own Genius and Eloquence, firſt inflam'd himſelf with Anger, Indignation, Pity, Sorrow; and then communicated thoſe impetuous Movements to his Audience.

DOES any Man pretend to have more Good-Senſe than *Julius Cæſar?* Yet that haughty Conqueror, we know, was ſo ſubdu'd by the Charms of *Cicero*'s Eloquence, that he was, in a Manner, conſtrain'd to change his ſettled Purpoſe and Reſolution, and to abſolve a Criminal, whom, before that Orator appear'd, he was determin'd to condemn.

*Thirdly*, IT may be pretended, That the Diſorders of the antient Governments, and the enormous Crimes, of which the Citizens were often guilty, afforded much ampler Matter for Eloquence than can be met with among the Moderns. Were there no *Verres* or *Cataline*, there wou'd be no *Cicero*. But that this Reaſon can have no great Influence, is evident:

'Twou'd

'Twou'd be eaſy to find a *Philip* in modern Times; but where ſhall we find a *Demoſthenes?*

WHAT remains, then, but that we lay the Blame on the Want of Genius, or of Judgment in our Speakers, who either found themſelves incapable of reaching the Heights of ancient Eloquence, or rejected all ſuch Endeavours, as unſuitable to the Spirit of modern Aſſemblies? A few ſucceſsful Attempts of this Nature might rouze up the Genius of the Nation, excite the Emulation of the Youth, and accuſtom our Ears to a more ſublime and more pathetic Elocution, than what we have been hitherto entertain'd with. There is certainly ſomething accidental in the firſt Riſe and the Progreſs of the Arts in any Nation. I doubt if a very ſatisfactory Reaſon can be given, why antient *Rome*, while it receiv'd all its Arts from *Greece*, cou'd attain only to a Taſte or Reliſh of Statuary, Painting and Architecture, without reaching the Practice of theſe noble Arts: While modern *Rome* has been excited, by a few Remains found among the Ruins of Antiquity, and has carried theſe Arts to the greateſt Perfection. Had ſuch a cultivated Genius as my

Lord

Lord *Bolingbroke* ariſen during the Civil Wars, when Liberty began to be fully eſtabliſh'd, and popular Aſſemblies to enter into all the moſt material Points of Government, I am perſwaded ſo illuſtrious an Example wou'd have given a quite different Turn to *Britiſh* Eloquence, and made us reach the Perfection of the antient Model. Our Orators would then have done Honour to their Country, as well as our Poets and Philoſophers, and *Britiſh Ciceros* have appear'd, as well as *Britiſh Platos* and *Virgils*.

I HAVE confeſt that there is ſomething accidental in the Origin and Progreſs of the Arts in any Nation; and yet I cannot forbear thinking, that if the other learned and polite Nations of *Europe* had poſſeſt the ſame Advantages of a popular Government, they wou'd probably have carried Eloquence to a greater Height than it has yet reach'd in *Britain*. The *French* Sermons, eſpecially thoſe of *Flechier* and *Bourdaloüe*, are much ſuperior to the *Engliſh* in this Particular; and in *Flechier* there are many Strokes of the moſt ſublime Poetry. His Funeral Sermon on the *Marechal de Turenne* is a good Inſtance. None but private

Cauſes

Cauſes, in that Country, are ever debated before their Parliament or Courts of Judicature; but notwithſtanding this Diſadvantage, there appears a Spirit of Eloquence in many of their Lawyers, which, with proper Cultivation and Encouragement, might riſe to the greateſt Heights. The Pleadings of *Patru* are very elegant, and give us Room to imagine what ſo fine a Genius cou'd have perform'd in Queſtions concerning public Liberty or Slavery, Peace or War, who exerts himſelf with ſuch Succeſs, in Debates concerning the Price of an old Horſe, or a goſſiping Story of a Quarrel betwixt an Abbeſs and her Nuns. For, 'tis remarkable, that this polite Writer, though eſteem'd by all the Men of Wit in his Time, was never employ'd in the moſt conſiderable Cauſes of their Courts of Judicature, but liv'd and dy'd in Poverty: From an antient Prejudice induſtriouſly propagated by the Dunces in all Countries, *That a Man of Genius is unfit for Buſineſs.* The Diſorders, produc'd by the Miniſtry of *Cardinal Mazarine*, made the Parliament of *Paris* enter into the Diſcuſſion of public Affairs; and during that ſhort Interval, there appear'd many Symptoms of the Revival of antient Eloquence. The *Avocat-General*

*Avocat-General*, *Talon*, in an Oration, invok'd on his Knees the Spirit of St. *Loüis* to look down with Compaſſion on his divided and unhappy People, and to inſpire them, from above, with the Love of Concord and Unanimity †. The Members of the *French* Academy have attempted to give us Models of Eloquence in their Harangues at their Admittance: But, having no Subject to diſcourſe upon, they have run altogether into a fulſome Strain of Panegyric and Flattery, the moſt barren of all Subjects. Their Stile, however, is commonly, on theſe Occaſions, very elevate and ſublime, and might reach the greateſt Heights, were it employ'd on a Subject more favourable and engaging.

THERE are ſome Circumſtances in the *Engliſh* Temper and Genius, which are diſadvangeous to the Progreſs of Eloquence, and render all Attempts of that Kind more dangerous and difficult among them than among any other Nation in the Univerſe. The *Engliſh* are conſpicuous for *Good-ſenſe*, which makes them very jealous of any Attempts to deceive them by the Flowers of Rhetoric and



† *De Retz*'s Memoirs.

Elocution. They are alſo peculiarly *modeſt*; which makes them conſider it as a Piece of Arrogance to offer any Thing but Reaſon to public Aſſemblies, or attempt to guide them by Paſſion or Fancy. I may, perhaps, be allow'd to add, that the People in general are not remarkable for Delicacy of Taſte, or for Senſibility to the Charms of the Muſes. Their *muſical Parts*, to uſe the Expreſſion of a noble Author, are but indifferent. Hence their Comic Poets, to move them, muſt have Recourſe to Obſcenity; their Tragic Poets to Blood and Slaughter: And hence their Orators, being depriv'd of any ſuch Reſourſe, have abandon'd altogether the Hopes of moving them, and have confin'd themſelves to plain Argument and Reaſoning.

THESE Circumſtances, join'd to particular Accidents, may, perhaps, have retarded the Growth of Eloquence in this Kingdom; but will not be able to prevent its Succeſs, if ever it appear amongſt us: And one may ſafely pronounce, that this is a Field in which the moſt flouriſhing Lawrels may yet be gather'd, if any Youth of accompliſh'd Genius, thoroughly acquainted with all the polite Arts, and

and not ignorant of public Buſineſs, ſhou'd appear in Parliament, and accuſtom our Ears to an Eloquence more commanding and pathetic. And to confirm me in this Opinion, there occur two Conſiderations, the one deriv'd from ancient, the other from modern Times.

'TIS ſeldom or never found, when a falſe Taſte in Poetry or Eloquence prevails among any People, that it has been prefer'd to a true, upon Compariſon and Reflection. It commonly prevails merely from Ignorance of the true, and from the want of perfect Models, to lead Men into a juſter Apprehenſion, and more refin'd Reliſh of thoſe Productions of Genius. When *theſe* appear, they ſoon unite all Suffrages in their Favour, and, by their natural and powerful Charms, gain over, even the moſt prejudic'd, to the Love and Admiration of them. The Principles of every Paſſion, and of every Sentiment, is in every Man; and when you touch them properly, they riſe to Life, and warm the Heart, and convey that Satisfaction by which a Work of Genius is diſtinguiſh'd from the adulterate Beauties of a capricious Wit and Fancy. And if this Obſervation be

true,

true, with Regard to all the liberal Arts, it muſt be peculiarly ſo, with Regard to Eloquence; which, being merely calculated for the Public, and for Men of the World, cannot, with any Pretext of Reaſon, appeal from the People to more refin'd Judges; but muſt ſubmit to the public Verdict, without Reſerve or Limitation. Whoever, upon Compariſon, is deem'd by the People the greateſt Orator, ought moſt certainly to be pronounc'd ſuch, by Men of Science and Erudition. And tho' an indifferent Orator may triumph for a long Time, and be eſteem'd altogether perfect by the Vulgar, who are ſatisfy'd with his Accompliſhments, and know not in what he is defective: Yet, whenever the true Genius appears, *he* draws to him the Attention of every one, and immediately appears ſuperior to his Rival.

Now, to judge, by this Rule, antient Eloquence, that is, the ſublime and paſſionate, is of a much juſter Taſte than the modern, or the argumentative and rational; and, if properly executed, will always have more Command and Authority over Mankind. We are ſatisfy'd with our Mediocrity, becauſe we have had no Experience of any Thing better: But the

the Antients had Experience of both, and, upon Compariſon, gave the Preference to that Kind, of which they have left us ſuch applauded Models. For, if I be not miſtaken, our modern Eloquence is of the ſame Stile or Species with that which antient Critics denominated *Attic* Eloquence, that is, calm, elegant, and ſubtile, which inſtructed the Reaſon more than affected the Paſſions, and never rais'd its Tone above Argument or common Diſcourſe. Such was the Eloquence of *Lyſias* among the *Athenians*, and of *Calvus* among the *Romans*. Theſe were eſteem'd in their Time; but when compar'd with *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, were ecclips'd like a Taper when ſet in the Rays of a meridian Sun. Thoſe latter Orators poſſeſs'd the ſame Elegance, and Subtility, and Force of Argument, with the former; but what render'd them chiefly admirable, was that Pathetic and Sublime, which, on proper Occaſions, they threw into their Diſcourſe, and by which they commanded the Reſolutions of their Audience.

OF this Species of Eloquence we have ſcarce had any Inſtances in *Britain*, at leaſt in our public Speakers. In our Writers, we have had ſome

ſome Inſtances, which have met with great Applauſe, and might aſſure our ambitious Youth of equal or ſuperior Glory in Attempts for the Revival of antient Eloquence. My Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Productions contain a Force and Energy and Sublime, which our Orators ſcarce ever aim at; tho' 'tis evident, that ſuch an elevated Stile has much better Grace in a Speaker than in a Writer, and is aſſur'd of a more prompt and more aſtoniſhing Succeſs. 'Tis there ſeconded by the Graces of Voice and Action: The Movements are mutually communicated by Sympathy, betwixt the Orator and the Audience: And the very Aſpect of a large Aſſembly, attentive to the Diſcourſe of one Man, muſt inſpire him with a peculiar Elevation, ſufficient to give a Propriety to the ſtrongeſt Figures and Expreſſions. 'Tis true, there is a great Prejudice againſt *Set-Speeches*; and a Man can ſcarce eſcape Ridicule, who repeats a Diſcourſe, as a School-boy does his Leſſon, and takes no Notice of any Thing that has been advanc'd in the Courſe of the Debate. But where is the Neceſſity of falling into this Abſurdity? A public Speaker muſt know before-hand the Queſtion under Debate. He may compoſe all the Arguments, Objections

ons, and Anſwers, ſuch as he thinks will be moſt proper for his Diſcourſe. If any Thing new occur, he may ſupply it from his Invention; nor will the Difference be very apparent betwixt his elaborate and his extemporary Compoſitions. The Mind naturally continues with the ſame *Impetus* or *Force*, which it has acquir'd by its Motion; as a Veſſel, once impell'd by the Oars, carries on its Courſe, for ſome Time, even when the original Impulſe is ſuſpended.

I SHALL conclude this Subject with obſerving, That even tho' our modern Orators ſhou'd not elevate their Stile, or aſpire to a Rivalſhip with the Antients; yet there is a material Defect in moſt of their Speeches, which they might correct, without departing from that compos'd Air of Argument and Reaſoning, to which they limit their Ambition. Their great Affectation of extemporary Diſcourſes has made them reject all Order and Method, which ſeems ſo requiſite to Argument, and without which 'tis ſcarce poſſible to produce an intire Conviction in the Mind. 'Tis not, that I wou'd recommend many formal Diviſions in a public Diſcourſe, unleſs the Subject very evidently offer

offer them: But 'tis eaſy, without this Formality, to obſerve a Method, and make that Method conſpicuous to the Hearer, who will be infinitely pleas'd to ſee the Arguments riſe naturally from one another, and will retain a more thorough Perſwaſion, than can ariſe from the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, which are thrown together in Confuſion.

ESSAY

# ESSAY III.

## *Of* MORAL PREJUDICES.

THERE is a Set of Men lately ſprung up amongſt us, who endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ridiculing every Thing, that has hitherto appear'd ſacred and venerable in the Eyes of Mankind. Reaſon, Sobriety, Honour, Friendſhip, Marriage, are the perpetual Subjects of their inſipid Raillery: And even public Spirit, and a Regard to our Country, are treated as chimerical and romantic. Were the Schemes of theſe Anti-reformers to take Place, all the Bonds of Society muſt be broke, to make Way for the Indulgence of a licentious Mirth and Gaiety: The Companion of our drunken Frollics muſt be prefer'd to a Friend or Brother: Diſſolute Prodigality muſt be ſupply'd at the Expence of every Thing valuable, either in public or private: And Men ſhall have ſo little Regard to any Thing beyond themſelves, that, at laſt, a free Conſtitution of Government muſt become

a Scheme perfectly impracticable among Mankind, and muſt degenerate into one univerſal Syſtem of Fraud and Corruption.

THERE is another Humour, which may be obſerv'd in ſome Pretenders to Wiſdom, and which, if not ſo pernicious as the idle petulant Humour above-mention'd, muſt, however, have a very bad Effect on thoſe, who indulge it. I mean that grave philoſophic Endeavour after Perfection, which, under Pretext of reforming Prejudices and Errors, ſtrikes at all the moſt endearing Sentiments of the Heart, and all the moſt uſeful Byaſſes and Inſtincts, which can govern a human Creature. The *Stoics* were remarkable for this Folly among the Antients; and I wiſh ſome of more venerable Characters in latter Times had not copy'd them too faithfully in this Particular. The virtuous and tender Sentiments, or Prejudices, if you will, have ſuffer'd mightily by theſe Reflections; while a certain ſullen Pride or Contempt of Mankind has prevail'd in their Stead, and has been eſteem'd the greateſt Wiſdom; tho', in Reality, it be the moſt egregious Folly of all others. *Statilius* being ſollicited by *Brutus* to make one of that noble Band, who

who ſtruck the GOD-like Stroke for the Liberty of *Rome*, refus'd to accompany them, ſaying, *That all Men were Fools or Mad, and did not deſerve that a wiſe Man ſhould trouble his Head about them.*

MY learned Reader will here eaſily recollect the Reaſon, which an antient Philoſopher gave, why he wou'd not be reconcil'd to his Brother, who ſollicited his Friendſhip. He was too much a Philoſopher to think, that the Connexion of having ſprung from the ſame Parent, ought to have any Influence on a reaſonable Mind, and expreſt his Sentiment after ſuch a Manner as I think not proper to repeat. When your Friend is in Affliction, ſays *Epictetus*, you may counterfeit a Sympathy with him, if it give him Relief; but take Care not to allow any Compaſſion to ſink into your Heart, or diſturb that Tranquillity, which is the Perfection of Wiſdom. *Diogenes* being askt by his Friends in his Sickneſs, What ſhould be done with him after his Death? *Why*, ſays he, *throw me out into the Fields.* "What! reply'd "they, to the Birds or Beaſts." *No: Place a Cudgel by me, to defend myſelf withal.* "To "what Purpoſe, ſay they, you will not have "any

" any Senſe, nor any Power of making Uſe " of it." *Then if the Beaſts ſhou'd devour me,* cries he, *ſhall I be any more ſenſible of it?* I know none of the Sayings of that Philoſopher, which ſhews more evidently both the Livelineſs and Ferocity of his Temper.

How different from theſe are the Maxims by which *Eugenius* conducts himſelf! In his Youth he apply'd himſelf, with the moſt unwearied Labour, to the Study of Philoſophy; and nothing was ever able to draw him from it, except when an Opportunity offer'd of ſerving his Friends, or doing a Pleaſure to ſome Man of Merit. When he was about thirty Years of Age, he was determin'd to quit the free Life of a Batchelor (in which otherwiſe he wou'd have been inclin'd to remain) by conſidering, that he was the laſt Branch of an antient Family, which muſt have been extinguiſh'd had he died without Children. He made Choice of the virtuous and beautiful *Emira* for his Conſort, who, after being the Solace of his Life for many Years, and having made him the Father of ſeveral Children, paid at laſt the general Debt to Nature. Nothing cou'd have ſupported him under ſo ſe-

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vere an Affliction, but the Conſolation he receiv'd from his young Family, who were now become dearer to him on account of their deceaſt Mother. One Daughter in particular is his Darling, and the ſecret Joy of his Soul; becauſe her Features, her Air, her Voice recal every Moment the tender Memory of his Spouſe, and fill his Eyes with Tears. He conceals this Partiality as much as poſſible; and none but his intimate Friends are acquainted with it. To them he reveals all his Tenderneſs; nor is he ſo affectedly Philoſophical, as even to call it by the Name of *Weakneſs*. They know, that he ſtill keeps the Birth-day of *Emira* with Tears, and a more fond and tender Recollection of paſt Pleaſures; in like Manner as it was celebrated in her Lifetime with Joy and Feſtivity. They know, that he preſerves her Picture with the utmoſt Care, and has one Picture in Minature, which he always wears next to his Boſom: That he has left Orders in his laſt Will, that, in whatever Part of the World he ſhall happen to die, his Body ſhall be tranſported, and laid in the ſame Grave with her's: And that a Monument ſhall be erected over them, and their mutual Love and

Hap-

Happineſs celebrated in an Epitaph, which he himſelf has compos'd for that Purpoſe.

A FEW Years ago I receiv'd a Letter from a Friend, who was abroad on his Travels, and ſhall here communicate it to the Public. It contains ſuch an Inſtance of a Philoſophic Spirit, as I think pretty extraordinary, and may ſerve as an Example, not to depart too far from the receiv'd Maxims of Conduct and Behaviour, by a refin'd Search after Happineſs or Perfection. The Story I have been ſince aſſur'd of as Matter of Fact.

SIR, *Paris Aug.* 2. 1737.

I KNOW you are more curious of Accounts of Men than of Buildings, and are more deſirous of being inform'd of private Hiſtory than of public Tranſactions; for which Reaſon, I thought the following Story, which is the common Topic of Converſation in this City, wou'd be no unacceptable Entertainment to you.

A YOUNG Lady of Birth and Fortune, being left intirely at her own Diſpoſal, perſiſted long in a Reſolution of leading a ſingle Life, notwithſtanding

withſtanding ſeveral advantageous Offers that had been made to her. She had been determin'd to embrace this Reſolution, by obſerving the many unhappy Marriages among her Acquaintance, and by hearing the Complaints, which her Female Friends made of the Tyranny, Inconſtancy, Jealouſy or Indifference of their Husbands. Being a Woman of ſtrong Spirit and an uncommon Way of thinking, ſhe found no Difficulty either in forming or maintaining this Reſolution, and cou'd not ſuſpect herſelf of ſuch Weakneſs, as ever to be induc'd, by any Temptation, to depart from it. She had, however, entertain'd a ſtrong Deſire of having a Son, whoſe Education ſhe was reſolv'd to make the principal Concern of her Life, and by that Means ſupply the Place of thoſe other Paſſions, which ſhe was reſolv'd for ever to renounce. She puſh'd her Philoſophy to ſuch an uncommon Length, as to find no Contradiction betwixt ſuch a Deſire and her former Reſolution; and accordingly look'd about, with great Deliberation, to find, among all her Male-Acquaintance, one whoſe Character and Perſon were agreeable to her, without being able to ſatisfy herſelf on that Head. At Length, being in the

the Play-houſe one Evening, ſhe ſees in the *Parterre*, a young Man of a moſt engaging Countenance and modeſt Deportment; and feels ſuch a Pre-poſſeſſion in his Favour, that ſhe had Hopes this muſt be the Perſon ſhe had long ſought for in vain. She immediately diſpatches a Servant to him; deſiring his Company, at her Lodgings, next Morning. The young Man was over-joy'd at the Meſſage, and cou'd not command his Satisfaction, upon receiving ſuch an Advance from a Lady of ſo great Beauty, Reputation and Quality. He was, therefore, much diſappointed, when he found a Woman, who wou'd allow him no Freedoms; and amidſt all her obliging Behaviour, confin'd and over-aw'd him to the Bounds of rational Diſcourſe and Converſation. She ſeem'd, however, willing to commence a Friendſhip with him; and told him, that his Company wou'd always be acceptable to her, whenever he had a leiſure Hour to beſtow. He needed not much Entreaty to renew his Viſits, being ſo ſtruck with her Wit and Beauty, that he muſt have been unhappy, had he been debarr'd her Company. Every Converſation ſerv'd only the more to inflame his Paſſion, and gave him more Occaſion to admire

admire her Perſon and Underſtanding, as well as to rejoice in his own Good-fortune. He was not, however, without Anxiety, when he conſider'd the Diſproportion of their Birth and Fortune; nor was his Uneaſineſs allay'd even when he reflected on the extraordinary Manner in which their Acquaintance had commenc'd. Our Philoſophical Heroine, in the mean Time, diſcover'd, that her Lover's perſonal Qualities did not belye his Phiſiognomy; ſo that, judging there was no Occaſion for any farther Trial, ſhe takes a proper Opportunity of communicating to him her whole Intention. Their Intercourſe continu'd for ſometime, till at laſt her Wiſhes were crown'd, and ſhe was now Mother of a Boy, who was to be the Object of her future Care and Concern. Gladly wou'd ſhe have continu'd her Friendſhip with the Father; but finding him too paſſionate a Lover to remain within the Bounds of Friendſhip, ſhe was oblig'd to put a Violence upon herſelf. She ſends him a Letter, in which ſhe had incloſ'd a Bond of Annuity for a Thouſand Crowns; deſiring him, at the ſame Time, never to ſee her more, and to forget, if poſſible, all paſt Favours and Familiarities. He was Thunder-ſtruck at receiving this Meſſage;

and, having tried, in vain, all the Arts that might win upon the Reſolution of a Woman, reſolv'd at laſt to attack her by her *Foible*. He commences a Law-ſuit againſt her before the Parliament of *Paris*; and claims his Son, whom he pretends a Right to educate as he pleas'd, according to the uſual Maxims of the Law in ſuch Caſes. She pleads, on the other Hand, their expreſs Agreement before their Commerce, and pretends, that he had renounc'd all Claim to any Offspring that might ariſe from their Embraces. It is not yet known, how the Parliament will determine in this extraordinary Caſe, which puzzles all the Lawyers, as much as it does the Philoſophers. As ſoon as they come to any Iſſue, I ſhall inform you of it, and ſhall embrace any Opportunity of ſubſcribing myſelf, as I do at preſent.

SIR,

*Your moſt humble Servant.*

# ESSAY IV.

## *Of the* MIDDLE STATION *of* LIFE.

THE Moral of the following Fable will eaſily diſcover itſelf, without my explaining it. One Rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in ſtricteſt Amity, with noiſy Haughtineſs and Diſdain thus beſpoke him, "What, Brother! Still in the ſame State! Still "low and creeping! Are you not aſham'd, "when you behold me, who, tho' lately in "a like Condition with you, am now become "a great River, and ſhall ſhortly be able to "rival the *Danube* or the *Rhine*, provided "thoſe friendly Rains continue, which have "favour'd my Banks, but neglected yours." Very true, replies the humble Rivulet; "You "are now, indeed, ſwoln to great Size: But "methinks you are become, withal, ſome-"what turbulent and muddy. I am content-"ed with my low Condition and my Purity."

INSTEAD of commenting upon this Fable, I ſhall take Occaſion, from it, to compare the different Stations of Life, and to perſwade ſuch of my Readers as are plac'd in the Middle Station to be ſatisfy'd with it, as the moſt eligible of all others. Theſe form the moſt numerous Rank of Men, that can be ſuppos'd ſuſceptible of Philoſophy; and therefore, all Diſcourſes of Morality ought principally to be addreſs'd to them. The Great are too much immers'd in Pleaſure; and the Poor too much occupy'd in providing for the Neceſſities of Life, to hearken to the calm Voice of Reaſon. The Middle Station, as it is moſt happy in many Reſpects, ſo particularly in this, that a Man, plac'd in it, can, with the greateſt Leiſure, conſider his own Happineſs, and reap a new Enjoyment, from comparing his Situation with that of Perſons above or below him.

*AGUR*'s Prayer is ſufficiently noted. *Two Things have I requir'd of thee, deny me them not before I die, Remove far from me Vanity and Lies; Give me neither Poverty nor Riches, feed me with Food convenient for me: Leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, Who is the Lord? Or leſt I be poor, and ſteal, and take the Name of my*

*my* GOD *in vain*. The middle Station is here juſtly recommended, as affording the fulleſt *Security* for Virtue; and I may alſo add, that it gives Opportunity for the moſt ample *Exerciſe* of it, and furniſhes Employment for every good Quality, which we can poſſibly be poſſeſt of. Thoſe, who are plac'd among the lower Rank of Men, have little Opportunity of exerting any other Virtue, beſides thoſe of Patience, Reſignation, Induſtry and Integrity. Thoſe, who are advanc'd into the higher Stations, have full Employment for their Generoſity, Humanity, Affability and Charity. When a Man lyes betwixt theſe two Extremes, he can exert the former Virtues towards his *Superiors*, and the latter towards his *Inferiors*. Every moral Quality, which the human Soul is ſuſceptible of, may have its Turn, and be called up to Action: And a Man may, after this Manner, be much more certain of his Progreſs in Virtue, than where his good Qualities lye dormant, and without Employment.

BUT there is another Virtue, that ſeems principally to ly among *Equals*, and is, for that Reaſon, chiefly calculated for the middle Station of Life. This Virtue is FRIENDSHIP, I be-

INSTEAD of commenting upon this Fable, I ſhall take Occaſion, from it, to compare the different Stations of Life, and to perſwade ſuch of my Readers as are plac'd in the Middle Station to be ſatisfy'd with it, as the moſt eligible of all others. Theſe form the moſt numerous Rank of Men, that can be ſuppos'd ſuſceptible of Philoſophy; and therefore, all Diſcourſes of Morality ought principally to be addreſs'd to them. The Great are too much immers'd in Pleaſure; and the Poor too much occupy'd in providing for the Neceſſities of Life, to hearken to the calm Voice of Reaſon. The Middle Station, as it is moſt happy in many Reſpects, ſo particularly in this, that a Man, plac'd in it, can, with the greateſt Leiſure, conſider his own Happineſs, and reap a new Enjoyment, from comparing his Situation with that of Perſons above or below him.

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BUT there is another Virtue, that ſeems principally to ly among *Equals*, and is, for that Reaſon, chiefly calculated for the middle Station of Life. This Virtue is FRIENDSHIP, I be-

I believe moſt Men of generous Tempers are apt to envy the Great, when they conſider the large Opportunities ſuch Perſons have of doing Good to their Fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the Friendſhip and Eſteem of Men of Merit. They make no Advances in vain, and are not oblig'd to aſſociate with thoſe whom they have little Kindneſs for; like People of inferior Stations, who are ſubject to have their Proffers of Friendſhip rejected, even where they wou'd be moſt fond of placing their Affections. But tho' the Great have more Facility in acquiring Friendſhips, they cannot be ſo certain of the Sincerity of them, as Men of a lower Rank; ſince the Favours, they beſtow, may acquire them Flattery, inſtead of Goodwill and Kindneſs. It has been very judiciouſly remark'd, that we attach ourſelves more by the Services we perform than by thoſe we receive, and that a Man is in Danger of loſing his Friends by obliging them too far. I ſhou'd, therefore, chuſe to ly in the middle Way, and to have my Commerce with my Friend varied both by Obligations given and receiv'd. I have too much Pride to be willing that all the Obligations ſhould ly on my Side; and ſhou'd be afraid, that, if they all lay on his, he wou'd

alſo

alſo have too much Pride to be entirely eaſy under them, or have a perfect Complacency in my Company.

WE may alſo remark of the middle Station of Life, that it is more favourable to the acquiring of *Wiſdom* and *Ability*, as well as of *Virtue*, and that a Man ſo ſituate has a better Chance for attaining a Knowledge both of Men and Things, than thoſe of a more elevated Station. He enters, with more Familiarity, into human Life: Every Thing appears in its natural Colours before him: He has more Leiſure to form Obſervations; and has, beſide, the Motive of Ambition to puſh him on in his Attainments; being certain, that he can never riſe to any Diſtinction or Eminence in the World, without his own Induſtry. And here I cannot forbear communicating a Remark, which may appear ſomewhat extraordinary, *viz.* That 'tis wiſely ordain'd by Providence, that the middle Station ſhou'd be the moſt favourable to the improving our natural Abilities, ſince there is really more Capacity requiſite to perform the Duties of that Station, than is requiſite to act in the higher Spheres of Life. There are more natural Parts, and a ſtronger Genius requiſite

to

to make a good Lawyer or Phyſician, than to make a great Monarch. For let us take any Race or Succeſſion of Kings, where Birth alone gives a Title to the Crown: The *Engliſh* Kings, for Inſtance; who have not been eſteemed the moſt ſhining in Hiſtory. From the Conqueſt to the Succeſſion of his preſent Majeſty, we may reckon twenty eight Sovereigns, omitting thoſe who died Minors. Of theſe, eight are eſteem'd Princes of great Capacity, *viz.* the *Conqueror*, *Harry* II. *Edward* I. *Edward* III. *Harry* V. and VII. *Eliſabeth*, and the late King *William*. Now, I believe every one will allow, that, in the common Run of Mankind, there are not eight out of twenty eight, who are fitted, by Nature, to make a Figure either on the Bench or at the Bar. Since *Charles* VII. ten Monarchs have reign'd in *France*, omitting *Francis* II. Five of theſe have been eſteem'd Princes of Capacity, *viz.* *Loüis* XI. XII. and XIV. *Francis* I. and *Harry* IV. In ſhort, the governing of Mankind well, requires a great deal of Virtue, Juſtice, and Humanity, but not a ſurpriſing Capacity. A certain Pope, whoſe Name I have forgot, us'd to ſay, *Let us divert ourſelves, my Friends, the World governs itſelf.* There are, indeed, ſome critical

critical Times, ſuch as thoſe in which *Harry* IV. liv'd, that call for the utmoſt Vigour; and a leſs Courage and Capacity, than what appear'd in that great Monarch, muſt have ſunk under the Weight. But ſuch Circumſtances are rare; and even then, Fortune does, at leaſt, one Half of the Buſineſs.

SINCE the common Profeſſions, ſuch as Law or Phyſic, require equal, if not ſuperior Capacity, to what are exerted in the higher Spheres of Life, 'tis evident, that the Soul muſt be made of ſtill a finer Mold, to ſhine in Philoſophy or Poetry, or in any of the higher Parts of Learning. Courage and Reſolution are chiefly requiſite in a Commander: Juſtice and Humanity in a Stateſman: But Genius and Capacity in a Scholar. Great Generals, and great Politicians, are found in all Ages and Countries of the World, and frequently ſtart out, at once, even amongſt the greateſt Barbarians. *Sweden* was ſunk in Ignorance, when it produc'd *Guſtavus Ericſon*, and *Guſtavus-Adolphus*: *Muſcovy*, when the *Czar* appear'd: And, perhaps, *Carthage*, when it gave Birth to *Hannibal*. But *England* muſt paſs thro' a long Gradation of its *Spencers*,

*Johnſons*, *Wallers*, *Drydens*, before it arrive at an *Addiſon* or a *Pope*. A happy Talent for the liberal Arts and Sciences, is a Kind of Prodigy among Men. Nature muſt afford the richeſt Genius that comes from her Hands; Education and Example muſt cultivate it from the earlieſt Infancy; And Induſtry muſt concur to carry it to any Degree of Perfection. No Man needs be ſurpriſed to ſee *Kouli-Kan* among the *Perſians*: But *Homer*, in ſo early an Age, among the *Greeks*, is certainly Matter of the higheſt Wonder.

A MAN cannot ſhow a Genius for War, who is not ſo fortunate as to be truſted with Command; and it ſeldom happens, in any State or Kingdom, that ſeveral, at once, are plac'd in that Situation. How many *Marlboroughs* were there in the confederate Army, who never roſe ſo much as to the Command of a Regiment? But I am perſwaded, there has been but one *Milton* in *England* within theſe hundred Years; becauſe every one may exert the Talents for Poetry who is poſſeſt of them; and no one cou'd exert them under greater Diſadvantages than that divine Poet. If no Man were allow'd to write Verſes, but who

who was, before-hand, nam'd to be *laureat*, cou'd we expect a Poet in ten thouſand Years?

WERE we to diſtinguiſh the Ranks of Men by their Genius and Capacity more, than by their Virtue and Uſefulneſs to the Public, great Philoſophers wou'd certainly challenge the firſt Rank, and muſt be plac'd at the Top of human Kind. So rare is this Character, that, perhaps, there has not, as yet, been above two in the World, who can lay a juſt Claim to it. At leaſt, *Galilæo* and *Newton* ſeem to me ſo far to excel all the reſt, that I cannot admit any other into the ſame Claſs with them.

GREAT Poets may challenge the ſecond Place; and this Species of Genius, tho' rare, is yet much more frequent than the former. Of the *Greek* Poets that remain, *Homer* alone ſeems to merit this Character: Of the *Romans*, *Virgil*, *Horace* and *Lucretius*: Of the *Engliſh*, *Milton* and *Pope*: *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Boileau* and *Voltaire* of the *French*: And *Taſſo* and *Arioſto* of the *Italians*.

GREAT

GREAT Orators and Hiſtorians are, perhaps, more rare than great Poets: But as the Opportunities for exerting the Talents requiſite for Eloquence, or acquiring the Knowledge requiſite for writing Hiſtory, depend, in ſome Meaſure, upon Fortune, we cannot pronounce theſe Productions of Genius to be more extraordinary than the former.

I SHOULD now return from this Digreſſion, and ſhow, that the middle Station of Life is more favourable to *Happineſs*, as well as to *Virtue* and *Wiſdom*: But as the Arguments, that prove this, ſeem pretty obvious, I ſhall here forbear inſiſting on them.

ESSAY

# ESSAY V.

## *Of the* RISE *and* PROGRESS *of the* ARTS *and* SCIENCES.

THERE is not a Matter of greater Nicety, in our Enquiries concerning human Affairs, than to diſtinguiſh exactly what is owing to *Chance*, and what proceeds from *Cauſes*; nor is there any Thing, in which an Author is more apt to deceive himſelf, by falſe Subtilties and Refinements. To ſay, that any Event is deriv'd from Chance, cuts ſhort all farther Enquiry concerning it, and leaves the Writer in the ſame State of Ignorance with all the reſt of Mankind. But when the Event is ſuppoſed to proceed from certain and ſtable Cauſes, he may then diſplay his Ingenuity, in aſſigning theſe Cauſes; and as a Man of any Subtility can never be at a Loſs in this Particular, he has thereby an Opportunity of ſwelling his Volumes, and diſcovering his profound Knowledge, in obſerving what eſcapes the Vulgar and Ignorant.

THE

THE diſtinguiſhing betwixt Chance and Cauſes muſt depend upon every particular Man's Sagacity, in conſidering every particular Incident. But, if I were to aſſign any general Rule to help us in applying this Diſtinction, it wou'd be the following, *What depends upon a few Perſons is, in a great Meaſure, to be aſcrib'd to Chance, or ſecret and unknown Cauſes: What ariſes from a great Number, may often be accounted for by determinate and known Cauſes.*

THERE may two very natural Reaſons be aſſign'd for this Rule. *Firſt*, If you ſuppoſe a Dye to have any Byaſs, however ſmall, to a particular Side, this Byaſs, tho', perhaps, it may not appear in a few Throws, will certainly prevail in a great Number, and will caſt the Balance intirely to that Side. In like Manner, when any *Cauſes* beget a particular Inclination or Paſſion, at a certain Time, and among a certain People; tho' many Individuals may eſcape the Contagion, and be rul'd by Paſſions peculiar to themſelves; yet the Multitude will certainly be infected with the common Paſſion, and be govern'd by it in all their Actions.

*Secondly*,

*Secondly*, THOSE Principles or Cauſes, which are fitted to operate on a Multitude, are always of a groſſer and more ſtubborn Nature, leſs ſubject to Accidents, and leſs influenc'd by Whim and private Fancy, than thoſe which operate on a few only. The latter are commonly ſo delicate and refin'd, that the ſmalleſt Incident in the Health, Education, or Fortune of particular Perſons, is ſufficient to divert their Courſe, and retard their Operation; nor is it poſſible to reduce them to any general Maxims or Obſervations. Their Influence at one Time, will never aſſure us concerning their Influence at another; even tho' all the general Circumſtances ſhou'd be the ſame in both Caſes.

TO judge by this Rule, the domeſtic and the gradual Revolutions of a State, muſt be a more proper Subject of Reaſoning and Obſervation, than the foreign and the momentary, which are commonly produc'd by ſingle Perſons, and are more influenc'd by Whim, Folly, or Caprice, than by general Paſſions and Intereſts. The Depreſſion of the Lords, and Riſe of the Commons in *England*, after the Statute of Alienations, and the Increaſe of Trade

Trade and Induſtry, are more eaſily accounted for by general Principles, than the Depreſſion of the *Spaniſh*, and Riſe of the *French* Monarchy, after the Death of *Charles Quint*. Had *Harry* IV. Cardinal *Richelieu*, and *Lewis* XIV. been *Spaniards*; and *Philip* II. III. and IV. and *Charles* II. been *Frenchmen*, the Hiſtory of theſe two Nations had been intirely revers'd.

For the ſame Reaſon, 'tis more eaſy to account for the Riſe and Progreſs of Commerce in any Kingdom, than for that of Learning; and a State, that ſhou'd apply itſelf to the Encouragement of the one, wou'd be much more aſſur'd of Succeſs, than one which ſhou'd cultivate the other. Avarice, or the Deſire of Gain, is an univerſal Paſſion, that operates at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Perſons: But Curioſity, or the Love of Knowledge, has but a very limited Influence, and requires Youth, Leiſure, Education, Genius, and Example, to make it govern any Perſon. You will never want Bookſellers, while there are Buyers of Books: But there may frequently be Readers, where there are no Authors. Multitudes of People, Neceſſity and Liberty, have begot

begot Commerce in *Holland:* But Study and Application have not produc'd any eminent Writers.

WE may, therefore, conclude, that there is no Subject, wherein we muſt proceed with more Caution, than in tracing the Hiſtory of the Arts and Sciences; leſt we aſſign Cauſes that never exiſted, and reduce what is merely contingent to ſtable and univerſal Principles. Thoſe, who cultivate the Sciences in any State, are always few in Number: The Paſſion, that governs them, limited: Their Taſte and Judgment tender and eaſily perverted: And their Application diſturb'd with the ſmalleſt Accident. Chance, therefore, or ſecret and unknown Cauſes, muſt have a great Influence on the Riſe and Progreſs of all the refin'd Arts.

BUT there is a Reaſon, which induces me not to aſcribe the Matter altogether to Chance. Tho' the Perſons, that cultivate the Sciences with ſuch aſtoniſhing Succeſs, as to attract the Admiration of Poſterity, be always few, in all Nations, and all Ages; 'tis impoſſible but a Share of the ſame Spirit and Genius muſt be antecedently diffus'd thro' the People among

whom they ariſe, in order to produce, form, and cultivate, from their earlieſt Infancy, the Taſte and Judgment of thoſe eminent Writers. The Maſs cannot be altogether inſipid, from which ſuch refin'd Spirits are extracted †. *There is a GOD within us*, ſays *Ovid*, *who breathes that Divine Fire, by which we are animated.* Poets, in all Ages, have advanc'd this Claim to Inſpiration. There is not, however, any Thing ſupernatural in the Caſe. Their Fire is not kindled from Heaven. It only runs along the Earth; is caught from one Breaſt to another; and burns brighteſt, where the Materials are beſt prepar'd, and moſt happily diſpos'd. The Queſtion, therefore, concerning the Riſe and Progreſs of the Arts and Sciences, is not altogether a Queſtion concerning the Taſte, Genius, and Spirit of a few, but concerning thoſe of a whole People; and may, therefore, be accounted for, in ſome Meaſure, by general Cauſes and Principles. I grant, that a Man, who ſhou'd enquire, why ſuch a particular Poet, as *Homer* for Inſtance, exiſted in ſuch a Place, at ſuch a Time, wou'd throw himſelf

† Eſt Deus in nobis; agitante caleſcimus illo:
Impetus hic, ſacræ ſemina mentis habet.
*Ovid. Faſt. Lib.* I.

himſelf Head-long into Chimæra, and cou'd never treat of ſuch a Subject, without a Multitude of falſe Subtilties and Refinements. He might as well pretend to give a Reaſon, why ſuch particular Generals, as *Fabius* and *Scipio*, liv'd in *Rome* at ſuch a Time, and why *Fabius* came into the World before *Scipio*. For ſuch Incidents as thoſe, no other Reaſon can be given but that of *Horace*.

*Scit genius, natale comes, qui temperat aſtrum*
*Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum---*
*--Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.*

BUT, I am perſwaded, that in many Caſes very good Reaſons might be given, why ſuch a particular Nation is more polite and learned, at a particular Time, than any of its Neighbours. At leaſt, this is ſo curious a Subject, that 'tis a Pity to abandon it intirely, before we have found, whether or not it be ſuſceptible of Reaſoning, and can be reduc'd to any general Principles. I ſhall, therefore, proceed to deliver a few Obſervations on this Subject, which I ſubmit, with entire Deference, to the Cenſure and Examination of the Learned.

My firſt Obſervation is, *That it is impoſſible for the Arts and Sciences to ariſe, at firſt, among any People, unleſs that People enjoy the Bleſſing of a free Government.*

In the firſt Ages of the World, when Men are, as yet, barbarous and ignorant, they ſeek for no farther Security againſt mutual Violence and Injuſtice, than the Choice of ſome Rulers, few or many, in whom they place an implicite Confidence, without providing any Security, by Laws or political Inſtitutions, againſt the Violence and Injuſtice of theſe Rulers. If the Authority be center'd in a ſingle Perſon, and if the People, by Conqueſt or Generation, increaſe to a great Multitude, the Monarch, finding it impoſſible, in his own Perſon, to execute every Office of Sovereignty, in every Place, muſt delegate his Authority to inferior Magiſtrates, who preſerve Peace and Order in their particular Diſtricts. As Experience and Education have not yet refin'd the Wits of Men to any conſiderable Degree, the Prince, who is himſelf unreſtrain'd, never dreams of reſtraining his Miniſters, but delegates his full Authority to every one, whom he ſets over any Portion of the People. All general Laws are

are attended with Inconveniencies, when apply'd to particular Caſes; and it requires great Penetration and Experience, both to perceive that theſe Inconveniencies are fewer than what reſult from full diſcretionary Powers in every Magiſtrate; and alſo, to diſcern what general Laws are, upon the Whole, attended with feweſt Inconveniencies. This is a Matter of ſo great Difficulty, that Men may have made ſome Advances, even in the ſublime Arts of Poetry and Eloquence, where a Rapidity of Genius and Imagination aſſiſts their Progreſs, before they have arriv'd at any great Refinements in their Municipal Laws, where frequent Trials, and diligent Obſervation can alone direct their Improvements. It is not, therefore, to be ſuppos'd, that a barbarous Monarch, unreſtrain'd and uninſtructed, will ever become a Legiſlator, or think of reſtraining his *Baſhas* in every Province, or even his *Cadis* in every Village. We are told, that the late *Czar*, tho' actuated with a noble Genius, and ſmit with the Love and Admiration of *European* Arts; yet profeſt an Eſteem for the *Turkiſh* Policy in this Particular, and approv'd of the ſummary Deciſions of Cauſes, which are practis'd in that barbarous Monarchy,

chy, where the Judges are not reſtrain'd by any Methods, Forms, or Laws. He did not perceive, how contrary ſuch a Practice wou'd have been to all his other Endeavours for refining his People. Deſpotic Power, in all Caſes, is ſomewhat oppreſſive and debaſing; but 'tis altogether ruinous and intolerable, when contracted into a ſmall Compaſs; and becomes ſtill worſe, when the Perſon, who poſſeſſes it, knows that the Time of his Authority is limited and uncertain. *Habet ſubjectos tanquam ſuos; viles, ut alienos* †. He governs the Subjects with full Authority, as if they were his own; and with Negligence or Tyranny, as belonging to another. A People govern'd after ſuch a Manner are *Slaves*, in the full and proper Senſe of the Word; and 'tis impoſſible they can ever aſpire to any Refinements of Taſte or Reaſon. They dare not ſo much as pretend to enjoy the Neceſſaries of Life, in Plenty or Security.

To expect, therefore, that the Arts and Sciences ſhould ever take their *firſt* Riſe in a Monarchy, is to expect a Contradiction. Before theſe Refinements have been ſtudy'd, the Monarch

† *Tacit.* Hiſt. Lib. 1.

narch is ignorant and barbarous; and, not having Knowledge ſufficient to make him ſenſible of the Neceſſity of balancing his Government upon general Laws, he delegates his full Powers to all inferior Magiſtrates. This barbarous Policy debaſes the People, and for ever prevents all Improvement. Were it poſſible, that, before Science was known in the World, a Monarch could poſſeſs ſo much Wiſdom as to become a Legiſlator, and govern his People by Law, not by the arbitrary Will of their Fellow-ſubjects, it might be poſſible for that Species of Government to be the firſt Nurſery of Arts and Sciences. But in that Suppoſition there ſeems to be a manifeſt Repugnancy.

'TIS poſſible, that a Republic, in its Infant-ſtate, may be ſupported by as few Laws as a barbarous Monarchy, and may entruſt as unlimited an Authority to its Magiſtrates or Judges. But, beſides that the frequent Elections of theſe Magiſtrates by the People, are a conſiderable Check upon their Authority; 'tis unavoidable, but, in a Tract of Time, the Neceſſity of reſtraining the Magiſtrates, in order to preſerve Liberty, muſt at laſt appear, and give Riſe to general Laws and Statutes. The *Roman*

*man* Conſuls, for ſome Time, decided all Cauſes, without being confin'd by any poſitive Laws, till the People, bearing this Yoke with Impatience, created the *Decemvirs*, who promulgated the *twelve Tables*; a Body of Laws, which, tho', perhaps, they were not equal in Bulk to one *Engliſh* Act of Parliament, were the only written Rules that regulated Property and Puniſhment, for ſome Ages, in that famous Republic. They were, however, ſufficient, along with the Forms of a free Government, to ſecure the Lives and Properties of the Citizens; to exempt one Man from the Dominion of another; and to protect every one from the Violence or Tyranny of his Fellow-citizens. In ſuch a Situation, the Sciences may raiſe their Heads, and flouriſh: But never can have Being amidſt ſuch a Scene of Oppreſſion and Slavery, as always reſults from barbarous Monarchies, where the People alone are reſtrain'd by the Authority of the Magiſtrates, and the Magiſtrates are not reſtrain'd by any Law or Statute. An unlimited Deſpotiſm of this Nature, while it exiſts, effectually ſtops all Improvement, and keeps Men from attaining that Knowledge, which is requiſite to inſtruct them in the Advantages ariſing from a better

a better Police, and more moderate Authority.

HERE then are the Advantages of Republics. Tho' a Republic ſhou'd be barbarous, it neceſſarily, by an infallible Operation, gives Riſe to LAW, even before Mankind have made any conſiderable Advances in the other Sciences. From Law ariſes Security: From Security Curioſity: And from Curioſity Knowledge. The latter Steps of this Progreſs may be more accidental; but the former are altogether neceſſary. A Republic, without Laws, can never have any Duration. On the contrary, in a Monarchical Government, Law ariſes not neceſſarily from the Forms of the Government. Monarchy, when abſolute, contains even ſomething repugnant to Law. Great Wiſdom and Reflection can alone reconcile them. But ſuch a Degree of Wiſdom can never be expected, before the greater Refinements and Improvements of human Reaſon. Theſe Refinements require Curioſity, Security and Law. The *firſt* Growth, therefore, of the Arts and Sciences can never be expected in deſpotic Governments.

ACCORDING to the neceſſary Progreſs of Things, Law muſt precede Science. In Republics Law may precede Science, and may ariſe from the very Nature of the Government. In Monarchies it ariſes not from the Nature of the Government, and cannot precede Science. An abſolute Prince, that is barbarous, renders all his Miniſters and Magiſtrates as abſolute as himſelf: And there needs no more to prevent, for ever, all Induſtry, Curioſity and Science.

THERE are other Cauſes, which diſcourage the Riſe of the refin'd Arts in deſpotic Governments; tho' I take the Want of Laws, and the Delegation of full Powers to every petty Magiſtrate, to be the principal. Eloquence certainly ariſes more naturally in popular Governments: Emulation too, in every Accompliſhment, muſt be there more animated and enliven'd: And Genius and Capacity have a fuller Scope and Career. All theſe Cauſes render free Governments the only proper *Nurſery* for the Arts and Sciences.

THE ſecond Obſervation I ſhall form on this Head, is, *That nothing is more favourable to the*

*the Riſe of Politeneſs and Learning, than a Number of neighbouring independent States connected together by Commerce and Policy.* The Emulation, which naturally riſes among thoſe neighbouring States, is an obvious Source of Improvement: But what I wou'd chiefly inſiſt on is the Stop, that ſuch limited Territories give both to *Power* and to *Authority*.

EXTENDED Governments, where a ſingle Perſon has great Influence, become immediately deſpotic; but ſmall ones change naturally into Commonwealths. A large Government is accuſtom'd by Degrees to Tyranny; becauſe each Act of Violence is at firſt perform'd upon a Part, which, being diſtant from the Majority, is not taken Notice of, nor excites any violent Ferment. Beſides, a large Government, tho' the whole be diſcontented, may, by a little Art, be kept in Obedience; becauſe each Part, being ignorant of the Reſolutions of the reſt, is afraid to begin any Commotion or Inſurrection. Not to mention, that there is a ſuperſtitious Reverence for Princes, which Mankind naturally fall into when they do not often ſee the Prince, and when many of them become not acquainted with

with him, ſo as to find him but a Man. And as large States can afford a great Expence, in order to ſupport the Pomp of Majeſty, this is a Kind of Faſcination on Mankind, and naturally contributes to the enſlaving of them.

In a ſmall Government, any Act of Oppreſſion is immediately known thro' the whole: The Murmurs and Diſcontents, proceeding from it, are eaſily communicated: And the Indignation riſes the higher, that the Subjects are not apt to apprehend, in ſuch States, that the Diſtance is very wide betwixt themſelves and their Sovereign. "The greateſt Enemies "to the Glory of Heroes, ſays a certain Wri-"ter, are their *Valet de Chambres.*" 'Tis certain, that Admiration and Acquaintance are altogether incompatible with Regard to any mortal Creature. *Antigonus*, being complimented by his Flatterers, as a Deity, and as the Son of that glorious Planet, which illuminates the Univerſe. *Upon that Head*, ſays he, *you may conſult the Perſon that empties my cloſe Stool.* Sleep and Love convinc'd *Alexander*, that he was not a God: But I ſuppoſe thoſe who attended him daily, cou'd have given many other ſtill more convincing Proofs

Proofs of his Humanity, in the numberleſs Weakneſſes to which he was ſubject.

BUT the Diviſions into ſmall States are favourable to Learning, by ſtopping the Progreſs of *Authority*, as well as that of *Power*. Reputation is often as great a Faſcination upon Mankind as Sovereignty, and is equally deſtructive to the Freedom of Thought and Examination. But where a Number of neighbouring States have a great Intercourſe of Arts and Commerce, their mutual Jealouſy keeps them from receiving too lightly the Law from each other, in Matters of Taſte or of Reaſoning, and makes them examine every Work of Art with the greateſt Care and Accuracy. The Contagion of popular Opinion ſpreads not ſo eaſily from one Place to another. It readily receives a Check in ſome State or other, where it concurs not with the prevailing Prejudices. And nothing but Nature or Reaſon can force its Way thro' all Obſtacles, and unite the moſt rival Nations into an Eſteem and Admiration of it.

*GREECE* was a Cluſter of little Principalities, which ſoon became Republics; and being

ing united both by their near Neighbourhood, and by the Ties of the ſame Language and Intereſt, they enter'd into the cloſeſt Intercourſe of Commerce and of Learning. There concurr'd a happy Climate, a fertile Soil, and a moſt harmonious and comprehenſive Language; ſo that every Circumſtance, among that People, ſeem'd to favour the Riſe of the Arts and Sciences. Each City produc'd its ſeveral Artiſts and Philoſophers, who refus'd to yield the Preference to thoſe of the neighbouring Republics: Their Debates and Contentions ſharpen'd the Wits of Men: A Variety of Objects was preſented to the Judgment, while each challeng'd the Preference to the reſt: And the Sciences, not being dwarf'd by the Reſtraint of Authority, were enabled to make ſuch conſiderable Shoots, as are, even at this Time, the Objects of our Admiration. After the *Roman Chriſtian* or *Catholic* Church had ſpread itſelf over the civiliz'd World, and had engroſt all the Learning of the Times, being really one large State within itſelf, and united under one Head; this Variety of Sects immediately diſappear'd, and the *Peripatetic* Philoſophy was alone admitted into all the Schools, to the utter Depravation of every Kind

Kind of Learning. But Mankind having, at Length, thrown off this Yoke, Affairs are now return'd nearly to the ſame Situation as before, and *Europe* is at preſent a Copy at large, of what *Greece* was formerly a Pattern in Miniature. We have ſeen the Advantage of this Situation in ſeveral Inſtances. What check'd the Progreſs of the *Carteſian* Philoſophy, to which the *French* Nation ſhew'd ſuch a ſtrong Propenſity towards the End of the laſt Century, but the Oppoſition made to it by the other Nations of *Europe*, who ſoon diſcover'd the weak Sides of that Philoſophy? The ſevereſt Scrutiny, that *Newton*'s Theory has undergone, proceeded not from his Countrymen but Foreigners; and if it can overcome the Obſtacles it meets with at preſent in all Parts of *Europe*, it will probably go down triumphant to the lateſt Poſterity. The *Engliſh* are become ſenſible of the ſcandalous Licentiouſneſs of their Stage, from the Example of the *French* Decency and Morals. The *French* are convinc'd, that their Theatre has become ſomewhat effeminate, by too much Love and Gallantry, and begin to approve of the more maſculine Taſte of ſome of their neighbouring Nations.

IN

In *China* there ſeems to be a pretty conſiderable Stock of Politeneſs and Science, which, in the Courſe of ſo many Centuries, might naturally be expected to ripen into ſomething more perfect and finiſh'd, than what has yet ariſen from them. But *China* is one vaſt Empire, ſpeaking one Language, govern'd by one Law, and ſympathizing in the ſame Manners. The Authority of any Teacher, ſuch as *Confucius*, was propagated eaſily from one Corner of the Empire to another. None had the Courage to reſiſt the Torrent of popular Opinions. And Poſterity were not bold enough to diſpute what had been univerſally receiv'd by their Anceſtors. This ſeems to be one natural Reaſon, why the Sciences have made ſo ſlow a Progreſs in that mighty Empire.

If we conſider the Face of the Globe, *Europe*, of all the four Parts of the World, is the moſt broken by Seas, Rivers and Mountains; and *Greece* of all Countries of *Europe*. Hence theſe Regions were naturally divided into ſeveral diſtinct Governments. And hence the Sciences aroſe in *Greece*; and *Europe* has been

been hitherto the moſt conſtant Habitation of them.

I HAVE ſometimes been inclin'd to think, that Interruptions in the Periods of Learning, were they not attended with ſuch a Deſtruction of antient Books, and the Records of Hiſtory, wou'd be rather favourable to the Arts and Sciences, by breaking the Progreſs of Authority, and dethroning the tyrannical Uſurpers over human Reaſon. In this Particular, they have the ſame Influence, as Interruptions in political Governments and Societies. Conſider the ſlaviſh Submiſſion of the antient Philoſophers to the ſeveral Maſters in each School, and you'll be convinc'd, that no good cou'd ever be expected from a hundred Centuries of ſuch a ſervile Philoſophy. Even the *Eclectics*, who aroſe about the Age of *Auguſtus*, notwithſtanding their profeſſing to chuſe freely what pleas'd them from every different Sect, were yet, in the Main, as ſlaviſh and dependent as any of their Brethren; ſince they ſought for Truth, not in Nature, but in the ſeveral Schools; where they ſuppos'd ſhe muſt neceſſarily be found, tho' not united in a Body, yet diſpers'd in Parts. Upon the Revival

of Learning, thoſe Sects of *Stoics*, and *Epicureans*, *Platoniſts* and *Pythagoreans* cou'd never regain any Credit or Authority; and, at the ſame Time, by the Example of their Fall, kept Men from ſubmitting, with ſuch blind Deference, to thoſe new Sects, which have attemped to gain an Aſcendant over them.

THE *third* Obſervation I ſhall form on this Head, of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Arts and Sciences, is, *That tho' the only proper* Nurſery *of theſe noble Plants be a free Government, yet they may be tranſplanted into any Government; and that a Republic is moſt favourable to the Growth of the Sciences, and a civiliz'd Monarchy to that of the polite Arts.*

To balance a large State or Society, whether Monarchical or Republican, on general Laws, is a Work of ſo great Difficulty, that no human Genius, however comprehenſive, is able, by the mere Dint of Reaſon and Reflection, to effectuate it. The Judgments of many muſt unite in this Work: Experience muſt guide their Labour: Time muſt bring it to Perfection: And the feeling of Inconveniencies muſt correct the Miſtakes, which they inevitably

inevitably fall into, in their frequent Trials and Experiments. Hence the Impoſſibility appears, that this Undertaking ſhould be begun and carried on in any Monarchy; ſince ſuch a Form of Government, before it be civiliz'd, knows no other Secret in Policy, than that of entruſting unlimited Powers with every Governor or Magiſtrate, and ſubdividing the People into ſo many Claſſes and Orders of Slavery. From ſuch a Situation, no Improvements can ever be expected in the Sciences, in the liberal Arts, in Laws, and ſcarce in the manual Arts or Manufactures. The ſame Barbarity and Ignorance, with which the Government commences, is propagated to all Poſterity, and can never come to a Period by the Efforts or Ingenuity of ſuch unhappy Slaves.

BUT tho' LAW, the Source of all Security and Happineſs, ariſes late in any Government, and is the ſlow Product of Order and of Liberty, it is not preſerv'd with the ſame Difficulty, that it is produc'd; but when it has once taken Root, is a hardy Plant, which will ſcarce ever periſh thro' the ill Culture of Men, or the Rigour of the Seaſons. The Arts of Luxury, and much more the liberal Arts, which

which depend on a refin'd Taſte or Sentiment, are eaſily loſt; becauſe they are always reliſh'd by a few only, whoſe Leiſure, Fortune and Genius fit them for ſuch Amuſements. But what is profitable to every Mortal, and in common Life, when once it is diſcover'd, can ſcarce ever periſh, but by the total Subverſion of Society, and by ſuch furious Inundations of barbarous Invaders, as obliterate all Memory of former Arts and Civility. Imitation alſo is apt to tranſport theſe coarſer and more uſeful Arts from one Climate to another, and make them precede the refin'd Arts in their Progreſs; tho perhaps they ſprung after them in their firſt Riſe and Propagation. From theſe Cauſes proceed civiliz'd Monarchies, where the Arts of Government, firſt invented in free States, are preſerv'd, to the mutual Advantage and Security of Sovereign and Subject.

HOWEVER perfect, therefore, the Monarchical Form may appear to ſome Politicians, it owes all its Perfection to the Republican; nor is it poſſible, that a pure Deſpotiſm, eſtabliſh'd among a barbarous People, can ever, by its native Force and Energy, refine and poliſh itſelf. It muſt borrow its Laws, and Methods,

and

and Inſtitutions, and conſequently its Stability and Order, from free Governments. Theſe Advantages are the ſole Growth of Republics. The extenſive Deſpotiſm of a barbarous Monarchy, by entering into the Detail of the Government, as well as into the principal Points of Adminiſtration, for ever prevents all ſuch Improvements.

IN a civiliz'd Monarchy, the Prince alone is unreſtrain'd in the Exerciſe of his Authority, and poſſeſſes alone a Power, which is not bounded by any Thing but Cuſtom, Example, and the Senſe of his own Intereſt. Every Miniſter or Magiſtrate, however eminent, muſt ſubmit to the general Laws, which govern the whole Society, and muſt exert the Authority delegated to him after the Manner, which is preſcrib'd. The People depend on none but their Sovereign, for the Security of their Property. He is ſo far remov'd from them, and is ſo much exempt from private Jealouſies or Intereſts, that this Dependence is not felt. And thus a Species of Government ariſes, to which, in a high political Rant, we may give the Name of *Tyranny*, but which, by a juſt and prudent Adminiſtration,

may

may afford ſufficient Security to the People, and may fulfil almoſt every End of political Society.

But tho' in a civiliz'd Monarchy, as well as in a Republic, the People have ſufficient Security for the Enjoyment of their Property; yet in both theſe Forms of Government, thoſe who poſſeſs the ſupreme Authority have the Diſpoſal of many Honours and Advantages, which ſufficiently excite the Ambition and Avarice of Mankind. The only Difference is, that in a Republic, the Candidates for Offices muſt look downwards, to gain the Suffrages of the People; in a Monarchy, muſt turn their Attention upwards, to court the good Graces and Favour of the Great. To be ſucceſsful in the former Way, 'tis neceſſary for a Man to make himſelf *uſeful*, by his Induſtry, Capacity, or Knowledge: To be proſperous in the latter Way, 'tis requiſite for him to render himſelf *agreeable*, by his Wit, Complaiſance, or Civility. A ſtrong Genius ſucceeds beſt in Republics: A refin'd Taſte in Monarchies. And conſequently the Sciences are the more natural Growth of the one, and the polite Arts of the other.

Not

NOT to mention, that Monarchies, receiving their chief Stability from a ſuperſtitious Reverence to Prieſts and Princes, have always abridg'd the Liberty of Reaſoning, with Regard to Religion and Politics, and conſequently Metaphyſics and Morals. All theſe form the moſt conſiderable Branches of Science. Mathematics and natural Philoſophy, which are the only ones that remain, are not half ſo valuable.

THERE is a very great Connection among all the Arts, that contribute to Pleaſure; and the ſame Delicacy of Taſte, which enables us to make Improvements in one, will not allow the others to remain altogether rude and barbarous. Amongſt all the Arts of Converſation, no one pleaſes more than mutual Deference and Civility, which leads us to reſign our own Inclinations to thoſe of our Companion, and to curb and conceal that Preſumption and Arrogance ſo natural to the Mind of Man. A good-natur'd Man, that is well educated, practices this Civility to every Mortal, without Premeditation or Intereſt: But, in order to render that valuable Quality general among any People, it ſeems neceſſary to aſſiſt the natural Diſpoſitions by ſome general Motive.

Where

Where Power riſes upwards from the People to the Great, as in all Republics, ſuch Refinements of Civility are apt to be little practis'd; ſince the whole State are, by that Means, brought near to a Level, and every Member of it is render'd, in a great Meaſure, independent of another. The People have the Advantage, by the Authority of their Suffrages: The Great, by the Superiority of their Station. But in a civiliz'd Monarchy, there is a long Train of Dependence from the Prince to the Peaſant, which is not great enough to render Property precarious, or depreſs the Minds of the People; but is ſufficient to beget in every one an Inclination to pleaſe his Superiors, and form himſelf upon thoſe Models, which are moſt acceptable to People of Condition and Education. Politeneſs of Manners, therefore, ariſes moſt naturally in Monarchies and Courts; and where that flouriſhes, none of the liberal Arts will be altogether neglected or deſpis'd.

The Republics in *Europe* are at preſent noted for Want of Politeneſs. *The good Manners of a* Swiſs *civiliz'd in* Holland *, is another Expreſ-

* *C'eſt la politeſſe d'un Suiſſe*
*Dans la Hollande civiliſé.* Rouſſeau.

Expreſſion for Ruſticity among the *French*. The *Engliſh* fall under the ſame Cenſure, notwithſtanding their Learning and Genius. And if the *Venetians* be an Exception to the Rule, they owe it, perhaps, to their Communication with the other *Italians*, moſt of whoſe Governments beget a Dependence more than ſufficient for the civilizing their Manners.

'TIS difficult to pronounce any Judgment concerning the Refinements of the antient Republics in this Particular: But I am apt to ſuſpect, that the Arts of Converſation were not brought ſo near Perfection amongſt them as the Arts of Writing and Compoſition. Their Scurrility, in many Inſtances, is quite ſhocking, and exceeds all Belief. Their Vanity alſo is not a little offenſive; as well as the common Licentiouſneſs and Immodeſty of their Stile. *Quicunque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, manu, ventre*, pene, *bona patria laceraverat*, ſays *Saluſt* in one of the graveſt and moſt moral Paſſages of his Hiſtory. *Nam fuit ante Helenam Cunnus teterrima belli cauſa*, is an Expreſſion of *Horace*, in tracing the Origin of mo-

ral Good and Evil. *Ovid* and *Lucretius* * are almoſt as licentious in their Stile as my Lord *Rocheſter*; tho' the former were fine Gentlemen and delicate Writers, and the latter was an abandon'd and ſhameleſs Profligate. *Juvenal* inculcates Modeſty with great Zeal; but ſets a very bad Example of it, if we conſider the Impudence of his Expreſſions.

I SHALL alſo be ſo bold, as to affirm, That among the Antients, there was not much Delicacy of breeding, or that polite Deference and Reſpect, which Civility obliges us either to expreſs or counterfeit towards the Perſons we converſe with. *Cicero* was certainly one of the politeſt Gentlemen of his Age; and yet I muſt confeſs I have frequently been ſhockt with the poor Figure under which he repreſents his Friend *Atticus*, in thoſe Dialogues, wherein he himſelf is introduc'd as a Speaker. That learned and virtuous *Roman*, whoſe Dignity, tho' he was only a private Gentleman, was

* This Poet recommends a very extraordinary Cure for Love, and what one expects not to meet with in ſo elegant and philoſophical a Poem. It ſeems to have been the Original of ſome of Dr. *Swift*'s beautiful and cleanly Images. See *Lib.* IV. 1165. The elegant *Catullus* and *Phædrus* fall under the ſame Cenſure.

was inferior to that of no one in *Rome*, is there ſhewn in rather a more pitiful Light than *Philalethes*'s Friend in our modern Dialogues. He is a humble Admirer of the Orator, pays him frequent Compliments, and receives his Inſtructions, with all the Deference that a Scholar owes to his Maſter. Even *Cato* is treated in a very Cavalier-manner in the Dialogues *de finibus*. And 'tis remarkable, that *Cicero*, being a great Sceptic in Matters of Religion, and unwilling to determine any Thing on that Head among the different Sects of Philoſophy, introduces his Friends diſputing concerning the Being and Nature of the Gods, while he is only a Hearer; becauſe, forſooth, it would have been an Impropriety for ſo great a Genius as himſelf, had he ſpoke, not to have ſaid ſomething deciſive on the Subject, and have carried every Thing before him, as he always does on other Occaſions. There is alſo a Spirit of Dialogue obſerv'd in the charming Books *de Oratore*, and a tolerable Equality maintain'd among the Speakers: But then theſe Speakers are the great Men of the Age preceeding our Author, and he recounts the Conference as only from Hearſay.

'Tis

'Tis but a very indifferent Compliment, which *Horace* pays to his Friend *Groſphus*, in the Ode addreſt to him. † *No one*, ſays he, *is happy in every Reſpect. And I may perhaps enjoy ſome Advantages, which you are depriv'd of. You poſſeſs great Riches: Your bellowing Herds cover the* Silician *Plains: Your Chariot is drawn by the fineſt Horſes: And you are array'd in the richeſt Purple. But the indulgent Fates, with a ſmall Inheritance, have given* ME *a fine Genius, and have endow'd me with a Contempt for the malignant Judgments of the Vulgar. Phædrus* ſays to his Patron, *Eutychus, If you deſign to read my Works, I ſhall be pleas'd: If not, I ſhall, at leaſt, have the*

† ——— *Nihil eſt ab omni*
*Parte beatum.*
*Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem,*
*Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus,*
*Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negarit,*
*Porriget hora.*
*Te greges centum, Siculæque circum*
*Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit, hinni-*
*Tum apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro*
*Murice tinctæ*
*Veſtiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et*
*Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ*
*Parca non mendax dedit & malignum*
*Spernere vulgus.*

Lib. 2. Ode 16.

*the Advantage of pleaſing Poſterity* *. I am apt to think, that a modern Poet wou'd not have been guilty of ſuch an Impropriety as that which may be obſerv'd in *Virgil*'s Addreſs to *Auguſtus*, when, after a great deal of extravagant Flattery, and after having deify'd the Emperor, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, he, at laſt, places this God on the ſame Level with himſelf, † *By your gracious Nod*, ſays

* *Quem ſi leges, lætabor; ſin autem minus, habebunt certe quo ſe oblectent poſteri.*

† *Ignaroſque viæ* mecum *miſeratus agreſtes*
*Ingredere, & votis jam nunc aſſueſce vocari.*

One wou'd not ſay to a Prince or great Man, *When you and I were in ſuch a Place, we ſaw ſuch a Thing happen.* But *when you were in ſuch a Place, I attended on you: And ſuch a Thing happen'd.*

Here I cannot forbear mentioning a Piece of Delicacy obſerv'd in *France*, which ſeems to me exceſſive and ridiculous. You muſt not ſay, *That is a very fine Dog, Madam*. But, *Madam, That is a very fine Dog.* They think it indecent, that thoſe Words, *Dog* and *Madam* ſhou'd be coupled together in the Sentence; tho' they have no Reference to each other in the Senſe.

After all, I acknowledge, that this Reaſoning from ſingle Paſſages of antient Authors may ſeem fallacious, and that the foregoing Arguments cannot have great Force, but with thoſe who are well acquainted with theſe Authors, and know the Truth of the general Poſition. For Inſtance, What Abſurdity wou'd it be to aſſert, that *Virgil* underſtood not the Force of the Terms

ſays he, *render my undertaking proſperous*; *and taking Pity*, along with me, *of the Swains ignorant of Husbandry, beſtow your favourable Influence on this Work.* Had Men, in that Age, been accuſtom'd to obſerve ſuch Niceties, a Writer ſo delicate as *Virgil* wou'd certainly have given a different Turn to this Sentence. The Court of *Auguſtus*, however polite, had not yet, it ſeems, wore off the Manners of the Republic.

CARDINAL *Wolſey* apologiz'd for his famous Piece of Inſolence, in ſaying, EGO ET REX MEUS, *I and my King*, by obſerving, that this Expreſſion was exactly conformable to the *Latin* Idiom, and that a *Roman* always nam'd himſelf before the Perſon to whom, or of whom he ſpake. Yet this ſeems to have been an Inſtance of Want of Civility among that People. The Antients made it a Rule, That the Perſon of the greateſt Dignity ſhou'd be mention'd firſt

Terms he imploys, and cou'd not chuſe his Epithets with Propriety; becauſe in the following Lines, addreſt alſo to *Auguſtus*, he has fail'd in that Particular, and has aſcrib'd to the *Indians* a Quality, which ſeems, in a Manner, to turn his Hero into Ridicule.

——— *Et te, maxime Cæſar,*
*Qui nunc extremis Aſiæ jam victor in oris*
Imbellem *avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.*
Georg. Lib. II.

firſt in the Diſcourſe; inſomuch, that we find, the Spring of a Quarrel and Jealouſy betwixt the *Romans* and *Ætolians*, to have been a Poet's naming the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*, in celebrating a Victory gain'd by their united Arms over the *Macedonians* *.

IF the Superiority in Politeneſs ſhou'd be allow'd to modern Times, the modern Notions of *Gallantry* and *Honour*, the natural Product of Courts and Monarchies, will probably be aſſign'd as the Cauſes of this Refinement. No one denies theſe Inventions to be modern †: But ſome of the moſt zealous Partizans of the Antients, have aſſerted them to be foppiſh and ridiculous, and a Reproach, rather than an Honour to the preſent Age ‡. It may here be proper to examine this Queſtion, with regard both to Gallantry and Honour. We ſhall begin with Gallantry.

NATURE has implanted in all living Creatures an Affection betwixt the Sexes, which even

* *Plut.* in vita Flaminii.

† In the *Self-tormentor* of *Terence*, *Clinias*, whenever he comes to Town, inſtead of waiting on his Miſtreſs, ſends for her to come to him.

‡ My Lord *Shaftsbury*, ſee his *Moraliſts*.

even in the fierceſt and moſt rapacious Animals, is not merely confin'd to the Satisfaction of the bodily Appetite, but begets a Friendſhip and mutual Sympathy, that runs thro' the whole Tenor of their Lives. Nay, it may farther be obſerv'd, that even in thoſe Species, where Nature confines the Indulgence of this Appetite to one Seaſon and to one Object, and forms a Kind of Marriage or Aſſociation betwixt a ſingle Male and Female, there is yet a viſible Complacency and Benevolence, which extends farther, and mutually ſoftens the Affections of the Sexes towards each other †. How much more muſt this have Place in Man, where the Confinement of the Appetite is not natural; but either proceeds accidentally from ſome ſtrong Charm of Love, or ariſes from Reflections on Duty and Convenience? Nothing, therefore, can proceed leſs from Affectation

† *Tutti gli altri animai, che ſono in terra,*
*O che vivon quieti & ſtanno in pace;*
*O ſi vengon a riſſa, & ſi fan guerra,*
*A la femina il maſchio non la face.*
*L'orſa con l'orſo al boſco ſicura erra,*
*La Leoneſſa appreſſo il Leon giace.*
*Con Lupo vive il Lupa ſicura.*
*Ne la Giuvenca ha del Torel paura.*
Arioſto Canto 5.

tation than the Paſſion of Gallantry. 'Tis *natural* in the higheſt Degree. Art and Education, in the moſt poliſh'd and refin'd Courts, make no more Alteration on it, than on all the other laudable Paſſions. They only turn the Mind more towards it: They refine it; they poliſh it; and give it a proper Grace and Expreſſion.

BUT Gallantry is as *generous* as it is *natural*. To correct ſuch groſs Vices, as commit a real Injury to others, is the Part of Morals, and the Object of the moſt ordinary Education. Where *that* is not attended to, in ſome Degree, no human Society can ſubſiſt. But in order to render Converſation, and the Intercourſe of Minds more eaſy and agreeable, Good-manners have been invented, and have carry'd the Matter ſomewhat farther. Whereever Nature has given the Mind a Propenſity to any Vice, or to any Paſſion diſagreeable to others, refin'd Breeding has taught Men to throw the Byaſs on the oppoſite Side, and to preſerve, in all their Behaviour, the Appearance of Sentiments contrary to thoſe which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and ſelfiſh, and apt to aſſume

the Preference above others, a polite Man is taught to behave with Deference towards thoſe he converſes with, and to yield the Superiority to them in all the common Incidents of Society. In like Manner, wherever a Perſon's Situation may naturally beget any diſagreeable Suſpicion in him, 'tis the Part of Good-manners to prevent it, by a ſtudied Diſplay of Sentiments, directly contrary to thoſe which he is apt to be jealous of. Thus, old Men know their Infirmities, and are apt to dread Contempt from the Youth: Hence, well-educated Youth redouble the Inſtances of Reſpect and Deference to their Elders. Strangers and Foreigners are without Protection: Hence, in all polite Countries, they receive the higheſt Civilities, and are intitled to the firſt Place in every Company. A Man is Lord in his own Family, and his Gueſts are, in a Manner, ſubjected to his Authority: Hence, he is always the loweſt Perſon in the Company; attentive to the Wants of every one; and giving himſelf all the Trouble, in order to pleaſe, which may not betray too viſible an Affectation, or impoſe too much Conſtraint on his Gueſts. Gallantry is nothing but an Inſtance of the ſame generous and refin'd Behaviour. As Nature has given

given *Man* the Superiority above *Woman*, by endowing him with greater Strength both of Mind and Body, 'tis his Part to alleviate that Superiority, as much as poſſible, by the Generoſity of his Behaviour, and by a ſtudy'd Deference and Complaiſance for all her Inclinations and Opinions. Barbarous Nations diſplay this Superiority, by reducing their Females to the moſt abject Slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by ſelling them, by killing them. But the Male-Sex, among a polite People, diſcover their Authority in a more generous, tho' not a leſs evident Manner; by Civility, by Reſpect, by Complaiſance, and, in a Word, by Gallantry. In good Company, you need not ask, Who is the Maſter of the Feaſt? The Perſon, who ſits in the loweſt Place, and who is always induſtrious in helping every one, is moſt certainly the Perſon. We muſt either condemn all ſuch Inſtances of Generoſity, as foppiſh and affected, or admit of Gallantry among the reſt. The antient *Muſcovites* wedded their Wives with a Whip, inſtead of a Wedding-Ring. The ſame People, in their own Houſes, took always the Precedency above Foreigners, even foreign † Ambaſſadors.

† See, *Relation of three Embaſſies*, by Earl of *Carlile*.

ſadors. Theſe two Inſtances of their Generoſity and Politeneſs are much of a Piece.

GALLANTRY is not leſs conſiſtent with *Wiſdom* and *Prudence*, than with *Nature* and *Generoſity*; and, when under proper Regulations, contributes, more than any other Invention, to the *Entertainment* and *Improvement* of the Youth of both Sexes. In all Vegetables, 'tis obſervable, that the Flower and the Seed are always connected together; and in like Manner, among every Species of Animals, Nature has founded on the Love betwixt the Sexes their ſweeteſt and beſt Enjoyment. But the Satisfaction of the bodily Appetite is not alone of great Value; and even in brute Creatures, we find, that their Play and Dalliance, and other Expreſſions of Fondneſs, form the greateſt Part of the Entertainment. In rational Creatures, we muſt certainly admit the Mind for a conſiderable Share. Were we to rob the Feaſt of all its Garniture of Reaſon, Diſcourſe, Sympathy, Friendſhip, and Gaiety, what remains wou'd ſcarce be worth Acceptance, in the Judgment of the truly elegant and luxurious.

What better School for Manners, than the Company of virtuous Women; where the mutual Endeavour to pleaſe muſt inſenſibly poliſh the Mind, where the Example of the Female Softneſs and Modeſty muſt communicate itſelf to their Admirers, and where the Delicacy of that Sex puts every one on his Guard, leſt he give Offence by any Breach of Decency?

I must confeſs, That my own particular Choice rather leads me to prefer the Company of a few ſelect Companions, with whom I can, calmly and peaceably, enjoy the Feaſt of Reaſon, and try the Juſtneſs of every Reflection, whether gay or ſerious, that may occur to me. But as ſuch a delightful Society is not every Day to be met with, I muſt think, that mixt Companies, without the Fair-Sex, are the moſt inſipid Entertainment in the World, and deſtitute of Gaiety and Politeneſs, as much as of Senſe and Reaſon. Nothing can keep them from exceſſive Dulneſs but hard Drinking; a Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Among the Antients, the Character of the Fair-Sex was conſider'd as altogether domeſtic, nor were they regarded as Part of the polite

World,

World, or of good Company. This, perhaps, is the true Reaſon why the Antients have not left us one Piece of Pleaſantry, that is excellent, (unleſs one may except the Banquet of *Xenophon*, and ſome Dialogues of *Lucian*) tho' many of their ſerious Compoſitions are altogether inimitable. *Horace* condemns the coarſe Railleries and cold Jeſts of *Plautus*: But, are his own much more entertaining? This, therefore, is one conſiderable Improvement, which the polite Arts have receiv'd from Gallantry, and from Courts, where it firſt aroſe.

THE Point of *Honour* is a modern Invention, as well as *Gallantry*; and by ſome eſteemed equally uſeful for the refining of Manners: But how it has contributed to that Effect, I am at a Loſs to determine. Converſation, among the greateſt Ruſtics, is not commonly infeſted with ſuch Rudeneſs as can give Occaſion to Duels, even according to the moſt refined Laws of this fantaſtic Honour; and as to the other ſmaller Indecencies, which are the moſt offenſive, becauſe the moſt frequent, they can never be cur'd by the Practice of Duelling. But theſe Notions are not only *uſeleſs* but *pernicious*. By ſeparating the Man of Honour

nour from the Man of Virtue, the greateſt Profligates have got ſomething to value themſelves upon, and have been able to keep themſelves in Countenance, tho' guilty of the moſt ſhameful and moſt dangerous Vices. They are Debauchees, Spendthrifts, and never pay a Farthing they owe: But they are Men of Honour; and therefore are to be receiv'd as Gentlemen in all Companies.

THERE are ſome of the Parts of modern Honour, which are the moſt eſſential Parts of Morality; ſuch as Fidelity, the obſerving Promiſes, and telling Truth. Theſe Points of Honour Mr. *Addiſon* had in his Eye, when he made *Juba* ſay,

*Honour's a ſacred Tye, the Law of Kings,*
*The noble Mind's diſtinguiſhing Perfection,*
*That aids and ſtrengthens Virtue, when it meets her,*
*And imitates her Actions where ſhe is not:*
*It ought not to be ſported with.*

Theſe Lines are very beautiful: But I am afraid, that Mr. *Addiſon* has here been guilty of that Impropriety of Sentiment with which he has ſo juſtly reproach'd other Poets. The Antients certainly never had any Notion of *Honour* as diſtinct from *Virtue*.

BUT,

But, to return from this Digreſſion, I ſhall advance it as a *fourth* Obſervation on this Head, of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Arts and Sciences, *That when the Arts and Sciences come to Perfection in any State, from that Moment they naturally, or rather neceſſarily decline, and ſeldom or never revive in that Nation, where they formerly flouriſh'd.*

It muſt be confeſt, that this Maxim, tho' conformable to Experience, may, at firſt Sight, be eſteem'd very contrary to Reaſon. If the natural Genius of Mankind be the ſame in all Ages, and in almoſt all Countries, (as I am of Opinion it is) it muſt very much forward and cultivate this Genius, to be poſſeſt of exact Models in every Art, to regulate the Taſte, and fix the Objects of Imitation. The Models left us by the Antients gave Birth to all the Arts about 200 Years ago, and have mightily advanc'd their Progreſs in every Country of *Europe:* Why had they not a like Effect during the Reign of *Trajan* and his Succeſſors, when they were much more entire, and were ſtill admir'd and ſtudy'd by the whole World? So late as the Emperor *Juſtinian*, the Poet, by Way of Diſtinction, was underſtood, among the

the *Greeks*, to be *Homer*; among the *Romans*, *Virgil*. Such Admiration ſtill remain'd for theſe divine Geniuſes; tho' no Poet had appear'd for many Centuries, who cou'd juſtly pretend to have imitated them.

A MAN's Genius is always, in the Beginning of his Life, as much unknown to himſelf as to others; and 'tis only after frequent Trials, attended with Succeſs, that he dare think himſelf equal to thoſe Undertakings, in which they who have ſucceeded, have fixt the Admiration of Mankind. If his own Nation be already poſſeſt of many glorious Models of Eloquence, he naturally compares his own juvenile Exerciſes with theſe; and being ſenſible of the infinite Diſproportion betwixt them, is diſcouraged from any further Attempts, and never dares aſpire to a Rivalſhip with thoſe Authors, whom he ſo much admires. A noble Emulation is the Source of every Excellence. Admiration and Modeſty naturally extinguiſh this Emulation. And no one is ſo liable to an Exceſs of Admiration and Modeſty, as a truly great Genius.

NEXT to Emulation, the greateſt Encourager of the noble Arts is Praiſe and Glory. A Writer is animated with new Force, when he hears the Applauſes of the World for his former Productions; and, being rouz'd by ſuch a Motive, he often reaches a Pitch of Perfection, which is equally ſurpriſing to himſelf and to his Readers. But when the Poſts of Honour are all occupy'd, his firſt Attempts are but coldly receiv'd by the Public, being compar'd to Productions, which are both in themſelves more excellent, and have already the Advantage of an eſtabliſh'd Reputation. Were *Moliere* or *Corneille* to bring upon the Stage at preſent their early Productions, which were formerly ſo well receiv'd, 'twou'd diſcourage the young Poets, to ſee the Indifference and Diſdain of the Public. The Ignorance of the Age alone cou'd have given Admiſſion to the *Prince of Tyre*; but 'tis to that we owe *the Moor:* Had *every Man in his Humour* been rejected, we had never ſeen *Volpone.*

PERHAPS it may not be for the Advantage of any Nation, to have the Arts imported from their Neighbours in too great Perfection. This extinguiſhes Emulation, and ſinks the Ardour of

of the generous Youth. So many perfect Models of *Italian* Painting brought into *Great Britain*, inſtead of exciting our Artiſts, is the Cauſe of their ſmall Progreſs in that noble Art. The ſame, perhaps, was the Caſe of *Rome*, when it receiv'd the Arts from *Greece*. That Multitude of finiſh'd Productions in the *French* Language, diſperſt all over *Germany* and the North, hinder theſe Nations from cultivating their own Language, and keep them ſtill dependent on their Neighbours for thoſe elegant Entertainments.

'TIS true, the Antients had left us Models in every Kind of Writing, which are highly worthy of Admiration. But beſides that they were wrote in Languages, which were known only to the Learn'd; beſides this, I ſay, the Compariſon is not ſo perfect nor intire betwixt modern Wits, and thoſe who liv'd in ſo remote an Age. Had *Waller* been born in *Rome*, during the Reign of *Tiberius*, his firſt Productions had been deſpis'd, when compared to the finiſh'd Odes of *Horace*. But in this Iſland the Superiority of the *Roman* Poet diminiſh'd nothing from the Fame of the *Engliſh*. We thought ourſelves ſufficiently happy, that

our

our Climate and Language cou'd produce but a faint Copy of ſo excellent an Original.

In ſhort, the Arts and Sciences, like ſome Plants, require a freſh Soil; and however rich the Land may be, and however you may recruit it by Art or Care, it will never, when once exhauſted, produce any Thing that is perfect or finiſh'd in the Kind.

# ESSAY VI.

## *The* EPICUREAN †.

THIS a great Mortification to the Vanity of Man, that his utmoſt Art and Induſtry can never equal the meaneſt of Nature's Productions, either for Beauty or Value. Art is only the Underworkman, and is imploy'd to give a few Strokes of Embelliſhment to thoſe Pieces, which come from the Hand of the Maſter. Some of the Drapery may be of his Drawing; but he is not allow'd to touch the principal Figure. Art may make a Suit of Clothes: But Nature muſt produce a Man.

EVEN in thoſe Productions, which are commonly denominated Works of Art, we find, that the nobleſt of the Kind are beholden for their chief Beauty to the Force and happy Influence of Nature. To the *Oeſtrum* or *Verve* of the Poets, we owe whatever is admirable in their Productions. The greateſt Genius, where

† Or, the Man of Elegance and Pleaſure.

where Nature at any Time fails him (for ſhe is not equal) throws aſide the Lyre, and hopes not, from the Rules of Art, to reach that Divine Harmony, which muſt proceed from her Inſpiration alone. How poor are thoſe Songs, where a happy Flow of Fancy has not furniſh'd Materials for Art to embelliſh and refine!

But of all the fruitleſs Attempts of Art, no one is ſo ridiculous, as that which the ſevere Philoſophers have undertaken, the producing an *artificial Happineſs*, and making us be pleaſed by Rules of Reaſon, and by Reflection. Why did none of them claim the Reward, which *Xerxes* promis'd to any one, that cou'd invent a new Pleaſure. Unleſs, perhaps, they invented ſo many Pleaſures for their own Uſe, that they deſpis'd Riches, and ſtood in no Need of any Pleaſures, which the Rewards of that Monarch cou'd procure them. I am apt, indeed, to think, that they were not willing to furniſh the Court of *Perſia* with a new Pleaſure, by preſenting it with ſo new and unuſual an Object of Ridicule. Their Speculations, when confin'd to Theory, and gravely deliver'd in the Schools of *Greece*, might excite Admi-

Admiration in their ignorant Pupils: But the attempting to reduce ſuch Principles to Practice wou'd ſoon betray their Abſurdity.

You pretend to make me happy by Reaſon, and by Rules of Art. You muſt, then, create me anew by Rules of Art. For on my inward Frame and Structure does my Happineſs depend. But you want Power to effectuate this; and Skill too, I am afraid: Nor can I entertain a leſs Opinion of Nature's Wiſdom than of yours. And let her conduct the Machine, which ſhe has ſo wiſely fram'd. I find, that I ſhou'd only ſpoil it by my tampering.

To what Purpoſe ſhou'd I pretend to regulate, refine, or invigorate any of thoſe Springs or Principles, which Nature has implanted in me? Is this the Road, by which I muſt reach Happineſs? But Happineſs implies Eaſe, Contentment, Repoſe and Pleaſure; not Watchfulneſs, Care, and Fatigue. The Health of my Body conſiſts in the Facility with which all its Operations are perform'd. The Stomach digeſts the Aliments: The Heart circulates the Blood: The Brain ſeparates and refines

ſines the Spirits: And all this without my concerning myſelf in the Matter. When by my Will alone I can ſtop the Blood, as it runs with Impetuoſity along its Canals, then may I hope to change the Courſe of my Sentiments and Paſſions. In vain ſhou'd I ſtrain my Faculties, and endeavour to receive Pleaſure from an Object, which is not fitted by Nature to affect my Organs with Delight. I may give myſelf Pain by my fruitleſs Endeavours; but ſhall never reach any Pleaſure.

AWAY then with all thoſe vain Pretences of making ourſelves happy within ourſelves, of feaſting on our own Thoughts, of being ſatisfy'd with the Conſciouſneſs of Well-doing, and of deſpiſing all Aſſiſtance and all Supplies from external Objects. This is the Voice of PRIDE, not of NATURE. And 'twere well, if even this Pride cou'd ſupport itſelf, and communicate a real *inward* Pleaſure, however melancholy or ſevere. But this impotent Pride can do no more than regulate the *Outſide*; and with infinite Pains and Attention compoſe the Language and Countenance to a Philoſophical Dignity, in order to deceive the ignorant Vulgar. The Heart, mean while, is empty

empty of all Enjoyment: And the Mind, unſupported by its proper Objects, ſinks down into the deepeſt Sorrow and Melancholy. Miſerable, but vain Mortal! Thy Mind be happy within itſelf! With what Reſources is it endow'd to fill ſo immenſe a Void, and ſupply the Place of all thy bodily Senſes and Faculties? Can thy Head ſubſiſt without thy other Members? In ſuch a Situation,

*What fooliſh Figure muſt it make?*
*Do nothing elſe but* ſleep *and* ake.

Into ſuch a Lethargy, or ſuch a Melancholy, muſt thy Mind be plung'd, when depriv'd of foreign Occupations and Enjoyments.

KEEP me, therefore, no longer in this violent Conſtraint. Confine me not within myſelf; but point out to me thoſe Objects and Pleaſures, which afford the chief Enjoyment. But why do I apply to you, proud and ignorant Sages, to ſhow me the Road to Happineſs? Let me conſult my own Paſſions and Inclinations. In them muſt I read the Dictates of Nature; not in your frivolous Diſcourſes.

BUT ſee, propitious to my Wiſhes, the divine, the amiable *PLEASURE, the ſupreme Love of GOD and Men, advances towards me. At her Approach, my Heart beats with genial Heat, and every Senſe and every Faculty is diſſolv'd in Joy; while ſhe pours around me all the Embelliſhments of the Spring, and all the Treaſures of the Autumn. The Melody of her Voice charms my Ears with the ſofteſt Muſic, as ſhe invites me to partake of thoſe delicious Fruits, which, with a Smile that diffuſes a Glory on the Heavens and the Earth, ſhe preſents to me. The ſportive *Cupids*, that attend her, or fan me with their odoriferous Wings, or pour on my Head the moſt fragrant Oils, or offer me their ſparkling Nectar in golden Goblets. O! for ever let me ſpread my Limbs on this Bed of Roſes, and thus, thus feel the delicious Moments, with ſoft and downy Steps, glide along. But cruel Chance! Whether do you fly ſo faſt? Why do my ardent Wiſhes, and that Load of Pleaſures, which you labour under, rather haſten, than retard your unrelenting Pace? Suffer me to enjoy this ſoft Repoſe, after all my Fatigues in Search of Happineſs. Suffer me to ſatiate myſelf with theſe

† *Dia voluptas.* Lucret.

theſe Delicacies, after the Pains of ſo long and ſo fooliſh an Abſtinence.

BUT 'twill not do. The Roſes have loſt their Hue: The Fruit its Flavour: And that delicious Wine, whoſe Fumes, ſo late, intoxicated all my Senſes with ſuch Delight, does now in vain ſollicite the ſated Palate. *Pleaſure* ſmiles at my Languour. She beckens to her Siſter, *Virtue*, to come to her Aſſiſtance. The gay, the frolic *Virtue* hears her Voice, and brings along the whole Troop of my jovial Friends. Welcome, thrice welcome, my ever dear Companions, to theſe ſhady Bowers, and to this luxurious Repaſte. Your Preſence has reſtor'd to the Roſe its Hue, and to the Fruit its Flavour. The Vapours of this ſprightly Nectar do now again play around my Heart; while you partake of my Delights, and diſcover, in your chearful Looks, the Pleaſure you receive from my Happineſs and Satisfaction. The like do I receive from yours; and encourag'd by your joyous Preſence, ſhall again renew the Feaſt, with which, from too much Enjoyment, my Senſes were well-nigh ſated; while the Mind kept not pace with the Body,

nor

nor afforded Relief to her o'er-burthen'd Partner.

In our chearful Diſcourſes, better than in the formal Reaſonings of the Schools, is true Wiſdom to be found. In our friendly Endearments, better than in the hollow Debates of Stateſmen and pretended Patriots, does true Virtue diſplay itſelf. Forgetful of the paſt, ſecure of the future, let us here enjoy the preſent; and while we yet poſſeſs a Being, let us fix ſome Good, beyond the Power of Fate or Fortune. To-morrow will bring its own Pleaſures along with it: But ſhou'd it diſappoint our fond Wiſhes, we ſhall at leaſt enjoy the Pleaſure of reflecting on the Pleaſures of To-day.

Fear not, my Friends, that the barbarous Diſſonance of *Bacchus*, and of his Revellers, ſhou'd break in upon this Entertainment, and confound us with their horrid Diſcord. The ſprightly Muſes wait around; and with their charming Symphony, ſufficient to ſoften the Wolves and Tygers of the ſavage Deſart, inſpire a ſoft Joy into every Boſom. Peace, Harmony, and Concord reign in this Retreat; nor is

is the Silence ever broke but by the Muſic of our Songs, or the chearful Accents of our friendly Voices.

BUT hark! the Favourite of the Muſes, the gentle *Damon*, ſtrikes the Lyre; and while he accompanies its harmonious Notes with his more harmonious Song, he inſpires us with the ſame happy Debauch of Fancy, by which he is himſelf tranſported. "Ye favour'd of "Heaven ‡, he ſings, while the wanton Spring "pours upon you all her blooming Honours, "let not *Glory* ſeduce you, with her deluſive "Blaze, to paſs in Perils and Dangers this "delicious Seaſon, this Prime of Life. Wiſ-"dom points out to you the Road to Plea-"ſure: Nature too beckens to you to follow "her in that ſmooth and flowry Path. Will "you ſhut your Ears to their commanding "Voice? Will you harden your Heart to "their ſoft Allurements? Oh, deluded Mor-"tals, thus to loſe your Youth; thus to throw "away ſo invaluable a Preſent, to trifle with "ſo

‡ An Imitation of *Armida*'s Song in *Taſſo*.

O *Giovinetti, mentre Aprile & Maggio*
*V'ammantan di fiorité & verdi ſpoglie*, &c.

Giureſalemme liberata, *Canto* 14.

" ſo periſhing a Bleſſing. Contemplate well
" your Recompence. Conſider that Glory,
" which ſo allures your proud Hearts, and ſe-
" duces you with your own Praiſes. 'Tis an
" Eccho, a Dream, nay the Shadow of a
" Dream, which is diſſipated by every Wind,
" and loſt by every contrary Breath of the
" ignorant and ill-judging Multitude. You
" fear not, that even Death itſelf will raviſh
" it from you. But behold! while you are yet
" alive, Calumny bereaves you of it, Igno-
" rance neglects it; Nature enjoys it not;
" Fancy alone, renouncing every Pleaſure, re-
" ceives this airy Recompence, empty and un-
" ſtable as itſelf."

THUS the Hours paſs unperceiv'd along, and lead in their wanton Train all the Pleaſures of Senſe, and all the Joys of Harmony and Friendſhip. Smiling *Innocence* cloſes the Proceſſion; and while ſhe preſents herſelf to our raviſh'd Eyes, ſhe embelliſhes the whole Scene, and renders the View of theſe Pleaſures as tranſporting, after they have paſt us, as when, with laughing Countenances, they were yet advancing towards us.

BUT

BUT the Sun has ſunk below the Horizon; and Darkneſs, ſtealing ſilently upon us, has now bury'd all Nature in an univerſal Shade. "Rejoice, my Friends; continue your Re- "paſte, or change it for ſoft Repoſe. Tho' "abſent, your Joy or your Tranquillity ſhall "ſtill be mine." *But whither do you go? Or what new Pleaſures call you from our Society? Is there aught agreeable without your Friends? And can aught pleaſe, in which we partake not?* "Yes, my Friends; the Joy, which I "now ſeek, admits not of your Participati- "on. Here alone I wiſh your Abſence: And "here alone can I find a ſufficient Compen- "ſation for the Loſs of your Society.

BUT I have not advanc'd far thro' the Shades of the thick Wood, which ſpreads a double Night around me, e're, methinks, I perceive thro' the Gloom, the charming *Celia*, the Miſtreſs of my Wiſhes, who wanders impatient thro' the Grove, and preventing the appointed Hour, ſilently chides my tardy Steps. But the Joy, which ſhe receives from my Preſence, beſt pleads my Excuſe; and, diſſipating every anxious and every angry Thought, leaves

leaves Room for nought but mutual Joy and Rapture. With what Words, my fair one, ſhall I expreſs my Tenderneſs, or deſcribe the Emotions which now warm my tranſported Boſom! Words are too faint to deſcribe my Love; and if, alas! you feel not the ſame Flame within you, in vain ſhall I endeavour to convey to you a juſt Conception of it. But your every Word and every Motion ſuffice to remove this Doubt; and while they expreſs your Paſſion, ſerve alſo to enflame mine. How amiable this Solitude, this Silence, this Darkneſs! No Objects now importune the raviſh'd Soul. The Thought, the Senſe, all full of nothing but our mutual Happineſs, do wholly poſſeſs the Mind, and convey a Pleaſure, which deluded Mortals vainly ſeek for in every other Enjoyment.———

But why, after our tumultuous Joys, does your Boſom heave with theſe Sighs, while Tears bathe your glowing Cheeks? Why diſtract your Heart with ſuch vain Anxieties? Why ſo often ask me, *How long my Love ſhall yet endure?* Alas, my *Celia*, can I reſolve this Queſtion? *Do I know how long my Life ſhall*

*yet*

*yet endure?* But does this alſo diſturb your tender Breaſt? And is the Image of our frail Mortality for ever preſent with you, to throw a Damp on your gayeſt Hours, and poiſon even thoſe Joys which Love inſpires. Conſider rather, that if Life be frail, if Youth be tranſitory, we ſhou'd well employ the preſent Moment, and loſe no Part of ſo periſhable an Exiſtence. Yet a little Moment, and *theſe* ſhall be no more. We ſhall be, as if we had never been. Not a Memory of us be left upon Earth; and even the fabulous Shades below will not afford us a Habitation. Our fruitleſs Anxieties, our vain Projects, our uncertain Speculations ſhall all be ſwallow'd up and loſt. Our preſent Doubts, concerning the original Cauſe of all Things, muſt never, alas! be reſolv'd. This alone we may be certain of, that if any governing Mind preſide over the Univerſe, he muſt be pleas'd to ſee us fulfil the Ends of our Being, and enjoy that Pleaſure, for which alone we were created. Let this Reflection give Eaſe to your anxious Thoughts; but do not render your Joys too ſerious, by dwelling for ever upon it. 'Tis ſufficient, once for all, to be acquainted with this Philoſophy, in order

to give an unbounded Looſe to Love and Jollity, and remove all the Scruples of a vain Superſtition: But while Youth and Paſſion, my Fair-one, prompt our eager Deſires, we muſt find gayer Subjects of Diſcourſe, to intermix with theſe amorous Careſſes.

ESSAY

# ESSAY VII.

## *The* STOIC †.

THERE is this obvious and material Difference in the Conduct of Nature, with Regard to Man and other Animals, that having endow'd the former with a ſublime celeſtial Spirit, and having given him an Affinity with ſuperior Beings, ſhe allows not ſuch noble Faculties to ly lethargic or idle; but urges him, by Neceſſity, to employ, on every Emergence, his utmoſt *Art* and *Induſtry*. Brute Creatures have many of their Neceſſities ſupply'd by Nature, being cloath'd and arm'd by this beneficent Parent of all Things: And where their own *Induſtry* is requiſite on any Occaſion, Nature, by implanting Inſtincts, ſtill ſupplies them with the *Art*, and guides them to their Good, by her unerring Precepts. But Man, expos'd naked and indigent to the rude Elements, riſes ſlowly from that helpleſs State, by the Care and Vigi-

† Or the Man of Action and Virtue.

Vigilance of his Parents; and having attain'd his utmoſt Growth and Perfection, reaches only a Capacity of ſubſiſting, by his own Care and Vigilance. Every Thing is ſold to Skill and Labour; and where Nature furniſhes the Materials, they are ſtill rude and unfiniſh'd, till Induſtry, ever active and intelligent, refines them from their brute State, and fits them for human Uſe and Convenience.

Acknowledge, therefore, O Man, the Beneficence of Nature: For ſhe has given thee that Intelligence which ſupplies all thy Neceſſities. But let not Indolence, under the falſe Appearance of Gratitude, perſwade thee to reſt contented with her Preſents. Wou'd'ſt thou return to the raw Herbage for thy Food, to the open Sky for thy Covering, and to Stones and Clubs for thy Defence againſt the revenous Animals of the Deſert? Then return alſo to thy ſavage Manners, to thy timorous Superſtition, to thy brutal Ignorance; and ſink thyſelf below thoſe Animals, whoſe Condition thou admireſt, and wou'd'ſt ſo fondly imitate.

THY kind Parent, Nature, having given thee Art and Intelligence, has fill'd the whole Globe with Materials for theſe Talents to work upon: Hearken to her Voice, which ſo plainly tells thee, that thou thyſelf ſhou'd'ſt alſo be the Object of thy Induſtry, and that by Art and Attention thou can'ſt alone acquire that Ability, which will raiſe thee to thy proper Station in the Univerſe. Behold this Artizan, who converts a rude and ſhapeleſs Stone into a noble Metal; and molding that Metal by his cunning Hands, creates, as it were by Magic, every Weapon for his Defence, and every Utenſil for his Convenience. He has not this Skill from Nature: Uſe and Practice have taught it him: And if thou wou'd'ſt emulate his Succeſs, thou muſt follow his laborious Footſteps.

BUT while thou *ambitiouſly* aſpireſt to the perfecting thy bodily Powers and Faculties, wou'd'ſt thou *meanly* neglect thy Mind, and from a prepoſterous Sloth, leave it ſtill rude and uncultivated, as it came from the Hands of Nature? Far be ſuch Folly and Negligence from every rational Being. If Nature has been frugal in her Gifts and Endowments, there

is

is the more Need of Art to ſupply her Defects. If ſhe has been generous and liberal, know that ſhe ſtill expects Induſtry and Application on our Part, and revenges herſelf in Proportion to our negligent Ingratitude. The richeſt Genius, like the moſt fertile Soil, when uncultivated, ſhoots up into the rankeſt Weeds; and inſtead of Vines and Olives for the Pleaſure and Uſe of Man, produces to its ſlothful Owner the moſt abundant Crop of Poiſons.

THE great End of all human Induſtry, is the Attainment of Happineſs. For this were Arts invented, Sciences cultivated, Laws ordain'd, and Societies modell'd, by the profoundeſt Wiſdom of Patriots and Legiſlators. Even the lonely Savage, who lyes expos'd to the Inclemency of the Elements, and the Fury of wild Beaſts, forgets not, for a Moment, this grand Object of his Being. Ignorant as he is of every Art of Life, he keeps ſtill in View the End of all thoſe Arts, and eagerly ſeeks for Felicity amidſt that Darkneſs with which he is environ'd. But as much as the wildeſt Savage is inferior to the poliſh'd Citizen, who under the Protection of Laws enjoys every Convenience that Induſtry has invented;

vented; ſo much is this Citizen himſelf inferior to the Man of Virtue, and the true Philoſopher, who governs his Appetites, ſubdues his Paſſions, and has learn'd, from Reaſon, to ſet a juſt Value on every Purſuit and Enjoyment. For is there an Art and Apprenticeſhip requiſite for every other Attainment? And is there no Art of Life, no Rule, no Precepts to direct us in this principal Concern? Can no particular Pleaſure be attain'd without Skill; and can the Whole be regulated without Reflection or Intelligence, by the blind Guidance of Appetite and Inſtinct? Surely then no Miſtakes are ever committed in this Affair; but every Man, however diſſolute and negligent, proceeds in the Purſuit of Happineſs, with as unerring a Motion, as that which the celeſtial Bodies obſerve, when, conducted by the Hand of the Almighty, they roll along the etherial Plains. But if Miſtakes be often, be inevitably committed, let us regiſter theſe Miſtakes; let us conſider their Cauſes; let us weigh their Importance; let us enquire for their Remedies. When from this we have fix'd all the Rules of Conduct, we are *Philoſophers:* When we have reduc'd theſe Rules to Practice, we are *Sages.*

LIKE

LIKE many ſubordinate Artiſts, imploy'd to form the ſeveral Wheels and Springs of a Machine: Such are thoſe who excel in all the particular Arts of Life. *He* is the Maſter-Workman, who puts thoſe ſeveral Parts together, moves them according to juſt Harmony and Proportion, and produces true Felicity, as the Reſult of their conſpiring Order.

WHILE you have ſuch an alluring Object in View, Shall that Labour and Attention, which is requiſite to the attaining your End, ever ſeem burdenſome and intolerable? Know, that this Labour itſelf is the chief Ingredient of the Felicity to which you aſpire, and that every Enjoyment ſoon becomes inſipid and diſtaſteful, when not acquir'd by Travel and Fatigue. See the hardy Hunters riſe from their downy Couches, ſhake off the Slumbers that ſtill weigh down their heavy Eye-lids, and, e'er *Aurora* has yet cover'd the Heavens with her flaming Mantle, haſten to the Forreſt. They leave behind, in their own Houſes, and in the neighbouring Plains, Animals of every Kind, whoſe Fleſh furniſhes the moſt delicious Fare, and which offer themſelves to the fatal Stroke. Laborious Man diſdains ſo

eaſy

eaſy a Purchaſe. He ſeeks for a Prey, that hides itſelf from his Search, or flies from his Purſuit, or defends itſelf from his Violence. Having exerted in the Chace every Paſſion of the Mind, and every Member of the Body, he then finds the Charms of Repoſe, and with Joy compares its Pleaſures to thoſe of his engaging Labours.

AND can vigorous Induſtry give Pleaſure to the Purſuit even of the moſt worthleſs Prey, which frequently eſcapes our Toils? And cannot the ſame Induſtry render the Cultivation of our Mind, the moderating of our Paſſions, the enlightening of our Reaſon, an agreeable Occupation; while we are every Day ſenſible of our Progreſs, and behold our inward Features and Countenance brightening inceſſantly with new Charms? Begin by curing yourſelf of this lethargic Indolence; the Task is not difficult: You need but taſte the Sweets of honeſt Labour. Proceed to learn the juſt Value of every Purſuit; Long Study is not requiſite: Compare, tho' but for once, the Mind to the Body, Virtue to Fortune, and Glory to Pleaſure, you will then perceive the Advantages of Induſtry: You will then be

ſenſible what are the proper Objects of your Induſtry.

In vain do you ſeek Repoſe from Beds of Roſes: In vain do you hope for Enjoyment from the moſt delicious Wines and Fruits. Your Indolence itſelf becomes a Fatigue: Your Pleaſure itſelf creates Diſguſt. The Mind, unexercis'd, finds every Delight inſipid and loathſome; and e'er yet the Body, full of noxious Humours, feels the Torment of its multiply'd Diſeaſes, your nobler Part is ſenſible of the iuvading Poiſon, and ſeeks in vain to relieve its Anxiety by new Pleaſures, which ſtill augment the fatal Malady.

I need not tell you, that by this eager Purſuit of Pleaſure, you more and more expoſe yourſelf to Fortune and Accidents, and rivet your Affections on external Objects, which Chance may, in a Moment, raviſh from you. I ſhall ſuppoſe, that your indulgent Stars favour you ſtill with the Enjoyment of your Riches and Poſſeſſions. I prove to you, that even in the midſt of your luxurious Pleaſures, you are unhappy; and that, by too much Indulgence,

dulgence, you are incapable of enjoying what proſperous Fortune ſtill allows you to poſſeſs.

BUT ſurely the Inſtability of Fortune is a Conſideration not to be overlook'd or neglected. Happineſs cannot poſſibly exiſt, where there is no Security; and Security can have no Place, where Fortune has any Dominion. Tho' that unſtable Deity ſhou'd not exert her Rage againſt you, the Dread of it wou'd ſtill torment you; wou'd diſturb your Slumbers, haunt your Dreams, and throw a Damp on the Jollity of your moſt delicious Banquets.

THE Temple of Wiſdom is ſeated on a Rock, above the Rage of the fighting Elements, and inacceſſible to all the Malice of Man. The rolling Thunder breaks below; and thoſe more terrible Inſtruments of human Fury reach not to ſo ſublime a Height. The Sage, while he breathes that ſerene Air, looks down with Pleaſure, mixt with Compaſſion, on the Errors of miſtaken Mortals, who blindly ſeek for the true Path of Life, and purſue Riches, Nobility, Honour, or Power for genuine Felicity. The greateſt Part he beholds diſappointed of their fond Wiſhes: Some lament, that having

having once poſſeſs'd the Object of their Deſires, it is raviſh'd from them by envious Fortune: And all complain, that even their own Vows, tho' granted, cannot give them Happineſs, or relieve the Anxiety of their diſtracted Minds.

BUT does the Sage preſerve himſelf always in this philoſophic Indifference, and reſt contented with lamenting the Miſeries of Mankind, without ever imploying himſelf for their Relief? Does he conſtantly indulge this ſevere Wiſdom, which, by pretending to elevate him above human Accidents, does in Reality harden his Heart, and render him careleſs of the Intereſts of Mankind, and of Society? No: he knows, that in this ſullen *Apathy*, neither true Wiſdom nor true Happineſs is to be found. He feels too ſtrongly the Charm of the ſocial Affections ever to counteract ſo ſweet, ſo natural, ſo virtuous a Propenſity. Even when, bath'd in Tears, he laments the Miſeries of human Race, of his Country, of his Friends, and unable to give Succour, can only relieve them by Compaſſion; he yet rejoices in the generous Diſpoſition, and feels a Satisfaction ſuperior to that of the moſt indulg'd Senſe.

So

So engaging are the Sentiments of Humanity, that they brighten up the very Face of Sorrow, and operate like the Sun, which ſhining on a dusky Cloud or falling Rain, paints on them the moſt glorious Colours that are to be found in the whole Circle of Nature.

BUT 'tis not here alone, that the ſocial Virtues diſplay their Energy. With whatever Ingredient you mix them, they are ſtill predominant. As Sorrow cannot overcome them, ſo neither can ſenſual Pleaſure obſcure them. The Joys of Love, however furious and tumultuous, baniſh not the tender Sentiments of Sympathy and Affection. They even derive their chief Influence from that generous Paſſion; and when preſented alone, afford nothing to the unhappy Mind but Laſſitude and Diſguſt. Behold this ſprightly Debauchee, who profeſſes a Contempt of all other Pleaſures but thoſe of Wine and Jollity: Separate him from his Companions, like a Spark from a Fire, where before it contributed to the general Blaze: His Alacrity ſuddenly extinguiſhes; and tho' ſurrounded with every other Means of Delight, he lothes the ſumptuous Banquet, and prefers even the moſt abſtract

Study

Study and Speculation, as more agreeable and entertaining.

BUT the ſocial Paſſions never afford ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, or make ſo glorious an Appearance in the Eyes both of GOD and Man, as when, ſhaking off every earthly Mixture, they aſſociate themſelves with the Sentiments of Virtue, and prompt us to laudable and worthy Actions. As harmonious Colours mutually give and receive a Luſtre by their friendly Union; ſo do theſe ennobling Sentiments of the human Mind. See the Triumph of Nature in parental Affection! What ſelfiſh Paſſion; what ſenſual Delights are a Match for it! Whether a Man exults in the Proſperity and Virtue of his Offspring, or flies to their Succour, thro' the moſt threatning and tremenduous Dangers?

PROCEED ſtill in purifying the generous Paſſion, you will ſtill the more admire its ſhining Glories. What Charms are there in the Harmony of Minds, and in a Friendſhip founded on mutual Eſteem and Gratitude! What Satisfaction in relieving the diſtreſt, in comforting the afflicted, in raiſing the fallen, and in ſtopping the Career of cruel Fortune,

or

or of more cruel Man, in their Inſults over the good and virtuous! But what ſupreme Joy in the Victories over Vice as well as Miſery, when, by virtuous Example or wiſe Exhortation, our Fellow-creatures are taught to govern their Paſſions, reform their Vices, and ſubdue their worſt Enemies, which inhabit within their own Boſoms!

BUT theſe Objects are ſtill too limited for the human Mind, which, being of celeſtial Origin, ſwells with the divineſt and moſt enlarg'd Affections, and carrying its Attention beyond Kindred and Acquaintance, extends its benevolent Wiſhes to the moſt diſtant Poſterity. It views Liberty and Laws as the Source of human Happineſs, and devotes itſelf, with the utmoſt Alacrity, to their Guardianſhip and Protection. Toils, Dangers, Death itſelf carry their Charms, when we brave them for the public Good, and ennoble that Being, which we generouſly ſacrifice for the Intereſts of our Country. Happy the Man, whom indulgent Fortune allows to pay to Virtue what he owes to Nature, and to make a generous Gift of what muſt otherwiſe be raviſh'd from him by cruel Neceſſity.

IN the true Sage and Patriot are united whatever can diſtinguiſh human Nature, or elevate mortal Man to a Reſemblance with the Divinity. The ſofteſt Benevolence, the moſt undaunted Reſolution, the tendereſt Sentiments, the moſt ſublime Love of Virtue, all theſe animate ſucceſſively his tranſported Boſom. What Satisfaction, when he looks within, to find the moſt turbulent Paſſions turn'd into juſt Harmony and Concord, and every jarring Sound baniſh'd from this enchanting Muſic! If the Contemplation, even of inanimate Beauty, be ſo delightful; if it raviſhes the Senſes, even when it appears in foreign Objects: What muſt be the Effects of moral Beauty? And what Influence muſt it have, when it embelliſhes our own Mind, and is the Reſult of our own Reflection and Induſtry?

*BUT where is the Reward of Virtue? And what Recompence has Nature provided for ſuch important Sacrifices, as thoſe of Life and Fortune, which we muſt often make to it?* Oh, Sons of Earth! Are you ignorant of the Value of this celeſtial Miſtreſs? And do you meanly enquire for her Portion, when you obſerve her genuine Charms? But know, that

Nature

Nature has been indulgent to human Weakneſs, and has not left this Favourite-child naked and unendow'd. She has provided Virtue of the richeſt Dowry; but being careful, leſt the Allurements of Intereſt ſhou'd engage ſuch Suitors, as were inſenſible of the native Worth of ſo divine a Beauty, ſhe has wiſely provided, that this Dowry can have no Charms but in the Eyes of thoſe who are already tranſported with the Love of Virtue. GLORY is the Portion of Virtue, the ſweet Reward of honourable Toils, the triumphant Crown, that covers the thoughtful Head of the diſintereſted Patriot, or the duſty Brow of the victorious Warrior. Elevate by ſo ſublime a Prize, the Man of Virtue looks down with Contempt on all the Allurements of Pleaſure, and all the Menaces of Danger. Death itſelf loſes its Terrors, when he conſiders, that its Dominion extends only over a Part of him, and that, in Spite of Death and Time, the Rage of the Elements, and the endleſs Viciſſitude of human Affairs he is aſſur'd of an immortal Fame among all the Sons of Men.

THERE ſurely is a Being that preſides over the Univerſe; and, with infinite Wiſdom and

Power, has reduc'd the jarring Elements into juſt Order and Proportion. Let ſpeculative Reaſoners diſpute, how far this beneficent Being extends his Care of Virtue, and whether he prolongs our Exiſtence to a future State, in order to beſtow on it its juſt Reward, and render it fully triumphant. The Man of Virtue, without deciding any Thing on ſo dubious a Subject, is ſatisfy'd with that Portion which is mark'd out to him by the ſupreme Diſpoſer of all Things. Gratefully he accepts of that farther Reward prepar'd for him; but if diſappointed, he thinks not Virtue an empty Name; but juſtly eſteeming it to be its own Reward, he gratefully acknowledges the Bounty of his Creator, who by calling him forth into Exiſtence, has thereby afforded him an Opportunity of once acquiring ſo invaluable a Poſſeſſion.

# ESSAY VIII.

## *The* PLATONIST †.

TO ſome Philoſophers it appears Matter of Surprize, that all Mankind, poſſeſſing the ſame Nature, and being endow'd with the ſame Faculties, ſhou'd yet differ ſo widely in their Purſuits and Inclinations, and that one ſhou'd utterly condemn what is fondly ſought after by another. To ſome it appears Matter of ſtill more Surprize, that Man ſhou'd differ ſo widely from himſelf at different Times; and, after Poſſeſſion, reject with Diſdain what, before, was the Object of all his Vows and Wiſhes. To me this feveriſh Uncertainty and Irreſolution, in human Conduct, ſeems altogether unavoidable; nor can a rational Soul, made for the Contemplation of the ſupreme Being, and of his Works, ever enjoy Tranquillity or Satiſfaction, while detain'd in the ignoble Purſuits of

† Or, the Man of Contemplation and *Philoſophical* Devotion.

of ſenſual Pleaſure or popular Applauſe. The Divinity is a boundleſs Ocean of Bliſs and Glory: Human Minds are ſmaller Streams, which, ariſing at firſt from this Ocean, ſeek ſtill, amid all their Wanderings, to return to it, and to loſe themſelves in that Immenſity of Perfection. When check'd in this natural Courſe, by Vice or Folly, they become furious and enrag'd; and, ſwelling to a Torrent, do then ſpread Horror and Devaſtation on the neighbouring Plains.

In vain, by pompous Phraſe and paſſionate Expreſſions, does each recommend his own Purſuit, and invite the credulous Hearers to an Imitation of his Life and Manners. The Heart belies the Countenance, and ſenſibly feels, even amid the higheſt Succeſs, the unſatisfactory Nature of all thoſe Pleaſures, which detain it from its true Object. I examine the voluptuous Man before Enjoyment; I meaſure the Vehemence of his Deſire, and the Importance of his Object; I find that all his Happineſs proceeds only from that Hurry of Thought which takes him from himſelf, and turns his View from his Guilt and Miſery. I conſider him a Moment after; he has now

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enjoy'd the Pleaſure, which he fondly ſought after. The Senſe of his Guilt and Miſery returns upon him with double Anguiſh: His Mind tormented with Fear and Remorſe; his Body depreſs'd with Diſguſt and Satiety.

BUT a more auguſt, at leaſt, a more haughty Parſonage preſents himſelf boldly to our Cenſure; and, aſſuming the Title of a Philoſopher and Man of Morals, offers to ſubmit to the moſt rigid Examination. He challenges, with a viſible, tho' conceal'd Impatience, our Approbation and Applauſe; and ſeems offended, that we ſhou'd heſitate a Moment before we break out into Admiration of his Virtue. Seeing this Impatience, I heſitate ſtill more: I begin to examine the Motives of his ſeeming Virtue: But behold! e'er I can enter upon this Enquiry, he flings himſelf from me; and addreſſing his Diſcourſe to that Crowd of heedleſs Auditors, fondly abuſes them by his magnificent Pretenſions.

O PHILOSOPHER! thy Wiſdom is vain, and thy Virtue unprofitable. Thou ſeekeſt the ignorant Applauſes of Men, not the ſolid Reflections of thy own Conſcience, or the more ſolid

ſolid Approbation of that Being, who, with one Regard of his all-ſeeing Eye, penetrates the Univerſe. Thou ſurely art conſcious of the Hollowneſs of thy pretended Probity, whilſt calling thyſelf a Citizen, a Son, a Friend, thou forgetteſt thy higher Sovereign, thy true Father, thy greateſt Benefactor. Where is the Adoration due to ſuch infinite Perfection, whence every Thing good and valuable is deriv'd? Where is the Gratitude, due to thy Creator, who call'd thee forth from nothing, who plac'd thee in all theſe Relations to thy Fellow-Creatures, and requiring thee to fulfil the Duty of each Relation, forbids thee to neglect what thou oweſt to himſelf, the moſt perfect Being, to whom thou art connected by the cloſeſt Tye?

But thou art thyſelf thy own Idol: Thou worſhippeſt thy *imaginary* Perfections: Or rather, ſenſible of thy *real* Imperfections, thou ſeekeſt only to deceive the World, and to pleaſe thy Fancy, by multiplying thy ignorant Admirers. Thus not contented with neglecting what is moſt excellent in the Univerſe, thou deſireſt to ſubſtitute in his Place what is moſt vile and contemptible.

CONSIDER all the Works of Mens Hands; all the Inventions of human Wit, in which thou affecteſt ſo nice a Diſcernment: Thou wilt find, that the moſt perfect Production ſtill proceeds from the moſt perfect Thought, and that 'tis MIND alone, which we admire, while we beſtow our Applauſe on the Graces of a well-proportion'd Statue, or the Symmetry of a noble Pile. The Statuary, the Architect comes ſtill in View, and makes us reflect on the Beauty of his Art and Contrivance, which, from a Heap of unform'd Matter, cou'd extract ſuch Expreſſions and Proportions. This ſuperior Beauty of Thought and Intelligence thou thyſelf acknowledgeſt, while thou inviteſt us to contemplate, in thy Conduct, the Harmony of Affections, the Dignity of Sentiments, and all thoſe Graces of a Mind, which chiefly merit our Attention. But why ſtoppeſt thou ſhort? Seeſt thou nothing farther that is valuable? Amid thy rapturous Applauſes of Beauty and Order, art thou ſtill ignorant where the moſt conſummate Beauty, the moſt perfect Order, is to be found? Compare the Works of Art with thoſe of Nature. The one are but an Imitation of the other. The nearer Art approaches to Nature, the more perfect

perfect is it eſteem'd. But ſtill, how wide are its neareſt Approaches, and what an immenſe Interval may be obſerv'd betwixt them? Art copies only the outſide of Nature, leaving the inward and more admirable Springs and Principles; as exceeding her Imitation, as beyond her Comprehenſion. Art copies only the minute Productions of Nature, deſpairing to reach that Grandeur and Magnificence, which are ſo aſtoniſhing in the maſterly Works of her Original. Can we then be ſo blind, as not to diſcover a Mind and a Deſign in the exquiſite and in the ſtupenduous Contrivance of the Univerſe? Can we be ſo ſtupid, as not to feel the warmeſt Raptures of Worſhip and Adoration, upon the Contemplation of that Mind, ſo infinitely good and wiſe?

THE moſt perfect Happineſs, ſurely, muſt ariſe from the Contemplation of the moſt perfect Object. But what is more perfect than Beauty and Virtue? And where is Beauty to be found equal to that of the Univerſe? Or Virtue, which can be compar'd to the Benevolence and Juſtice of the Deity? If aught can diminiſh the Pleaſure of this Contemplation, it muſt be either the Narrowneſs of our Faculties,

Faculties, which conceals from us the greateſt Part of theſe Beauties and Perfections; or the Shortneſs of our Lives, which allows not Time ſufficient to inſtruct us in them. But 'tis our Comfort, that if we imploy worthily the Faculties here aſſign'd us, they will be enlarg'd in another State of Exiſtence, ſo as to render us more ſuitable Worſhippers of our Maker: And that the Task, which can never be finiſhed in Time, will be the Buſineſs of an Eternity.

# ESSAY IX.

## *The* SCEPTIC.

I HAVE long entertain'd a great Suſpicion, with regard to the Deciſions of Philoſophers upon all Subjects, and found in myſelf a greater Inclination to diſpute, than aſſent to their Concluſions; there is one Miſtake, to which they ſeem to be liable, almoſt without Exception; they confine too much their Principles, and make no Account of that vaſt Variety, which Nature has ſo much affected in all her Operations. When a Philoſopher has once laid hold of a favourite Principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural Effects, he will extend the ſame Principle over the whole Creation, and reduce to it every Phænomenon, tho' by the moſt violent and abſurd Reaſoning. Our own Mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our Conception to the Variety and Extent of Nature; but imagine, that ſhe is as much bound-

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ed in her Operations, as we are in our Speculations.

But if ever this Infirmity of Philoſophers is to be ſuſpected on any Occaſion, 'tis in their Reaſonings concerning human Life, and the Methods of attaining Happineſs. In that Caſe, they are led aſtray, not only by the Narrowneſs of their Underſtandings, but alſo by that of their Paſſions. Almoſt every one has a predominant Inclination, to which all his other Deſires and Affections ſubmit, and which governs him, tho', perhaps, with ſome Intervals, thro' the whole Courſe of his Life. 'Tis difficult for him to apprehend, that any Thing which appears totally indifferent to him, can ever give Enjoyment to any Perſon, or can poſſeſs Charms, which altogether eſcape his Obſervation. His own Purſuits are always, in his Account, the moſt engaging: The Objects of his Paſſion, the moſt valuable: And the Road he purſues, the only one that leads to Happineſs.

But wou'd theſe prejudic'd Reaſoners reflect a Moment, there are many obvious Inſtances and Arguments, ſufficient to undeceive

ceive them, and make them enlarge their Maxims and Principles. Do they not ſee the vaſt Variety of Inclinations and Purſuits among Mankind, where each ſeems fully ſatisfy'd with his own Courſe of Life, and wou'd eſteem it the greateſt Unhappineſs to be confin'd to that of his Neighbour? Do they not feel in themſelves, that what pleaſes at one Time, diſpleaſes at another, by the Change of Inclination; and that it is not in their Power, by their utmoſt Efforts, to recal that Taſte or Appetite, which formerly beſtow'd Charms on what now appears indifferent or diſagreeable? What is the Meaning therefore of thoſe general Preferences of the Town or Country-life, of a Life of Action or one of Pleaſure, of Retirement or Society; when, beſides the different Inclinations of different Men, every one's Experience may convince him, that each of theſe Kinds of Life is agreeable in its Turn, and that their Variety or their judicious Mixture, does chiefly contribute to the rendering all of them agreeable.

BUT ſhall this Buſineſs be allow'd to go altogether at Adventures? And muſt a Man conſult only his Humour and Inclination, in order

der to determine his Courſe of Life, without ever employing his Reaſon, to inform him what Road is preferable, and leads moſt ſurely to Happineſs? Is there no Difference then betwixt one Man's Conduct and another?

I ANSWER, There is a great Difference. One Man, following his Inclinations, in chuſing his Courſe of Life, may imploy much ſurer Means for ſucceeding than another, who is led by his Inclination into the ſame Courſe of Life, and purſues the ſame Object. *Are Riches the chief Object of your Deſires?* Acquire Skill in your Profeſſion; be diligent in the Exerciſe of it; and enlarge the Circle of your Friends and Acquaintance; avoid Pleaſure and Expence, and never be generous, but with a View of gaining more than you cou'd ſave by Frugality. *Wou'd you acquire the public Eſteem?* Guard equally againſt the Extremes of Arrogance and Fawning. Let it appear that you ſet a Value upon yourſelf, but without deſpiſing others. If you fall into either of the Extremes, you either provoke Mens Pride by your Inſolence, or teach them to deſpiſe you by your timorous Submiſſion, and

and by the mean Opinion you ſeem to entertain of yourſelf.

THESE, you ſay, are the Maxims of common Prudence and Diſcretion; what every Parent inculcates on his Child, and what every Man of Senſe purſues in the Courſe of Life, which he has choſen to himſelf.---What is it then you deſire more? Do you come to a Philoſopher, as to a *cunning Man*, to learn ſomething by Magic or Witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common Prudence and Diſcretion?---Yes; we come to a Philoſopher to be inſtructed, How we ſhall chuſe our Ends, more than the Means for attaining theſe Ends: We want to know, what Deſires we ſhall ſatisfy, what Paſſions we ſhall comply with, what Appetites we ſhall indulge. As to the reſt, we truſt to common Senſe, and the general Maxims of the World, for our Inſtruction.

I AM ſorry, then, I have pretended to be a Philoſopher: For I find your Queſtions very perplexing; and am in Danger, if my Anſwer be too rigid and ſevere, of paſſing for a Pedant and Scholaſtic; if it be too eaſy and free,

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of being taken for a Preacher of Vice and Immorality. However, to ſatisfy you, I ſhall deliver my Opinion upon the Matter, and only deſire you to eſteem it of as little Conſequence as I do myſelf. By that Means you will neither think it worthy of your Ridicule nor your Anger.

If we can depend upon any Principle, which we learn from Philoſophy, this, I think, may be conſider'd as certain and undoubted, That there is nothing, in itſelf, valuable or deſpicable, deſireable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that theſe Attributes ariſe from the particular Conſtitution and Fabric of human Sentiments and Affections. What ſeems the moſt delicious Food to one Animal, appears loathſome to another: What affects the feeling of one with Delight, produces Uneaſineſs to another. This is confeſſedly the Caſe with Regard to all the bodily Senſes: But if we examine the Matter more accurately, we ſhall find, that the ſame Obſervation holds even where the Mind concurs with the Body, and mingles its Sentiments with the exterior Appetites.

DESIRE this paſſionate Lover to give you a Character of his Miſtreſs: He will tell you, that he is at a Loſs for Words to deſcribe her Charms, and will ask you very ſeriouſly, If ever you was acquainted with a Goddeſs or an Angel? If you anſwer, that you never was: He will then ſay, That 'tis impoſſible for you to form a Conception of ſuch divine Beauties as thoſe his Charmer poſſeſſes; ſo complete a Shape; ſuch proportion'd Features; ſo engaging an Air; ſuch a Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition; ſuch Gaiety of Humour. You can infer nothing, however, from all this Diſcourſe, but that the poor Man is in Love; and that the general Appetite betwixt the Sexes, which Nature has infus'd into all Animals, is in him determin'd to a particular Object by ſome Qualities, which gave him Pleaſure. The ſame divine Creature, not only to a different Animal, but alſo to a different Man, appears a mere mortal Being, and is beheld with the utmoſt Indifference.

NATURE has given all Animals a like Prejudice in Favour of their Offspring. As ſoon as the helpleſs Infant ſees the Light, tho' in every other Eye it appears a deſpicable and a miſerable Creature, it is regarded by its fond

Parents with the utmoſt Affection, and is prefer'd to every other Object, however perfect or accompliſh'd. The Paſſion alone, ariſing from the original Structure and Formation of human Nature, beſtows a Value on the moſt inſignificant Object.

We may puſh the ſame Obſervation further, and may conclude, that even when the Mind operates alone, and feeling the Sentiments of Blame or Approbation, pronounces one Object to be deform'd and odious, another beautiful and amiable; I ſay, that even in that Caſe, theſe Qualities are not really in the Objects, but belong entirely to the Sentiments of that Mind which blames or praiſes. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this Propoſition evident, and as it were, palpable, to negligent Thinkers; becauſe Nature is more uniform in the Sentiments of the Mind than in moſt Feelings of the Body, and produces a nearer Reſemblance in the inward than in the outward Part of human Kind. There are ſomewhat like Principles in mental Taſte; and Critics can reaſon and diſpute much more plauſibly than Cooks or Perfumers. This Subject wou'd require a ſeparate Examination. In the mean Time

Time we may obſerve, That this Uniformity among human Kind hinders not, but that there is a conſiderable Diverſity in the Sentiments of Beauty and Worth, and that Education, Cuſtom, Prejudice, Caprice, and Humour do frequently vary our Taſte of this Kind. You will never convince a Man, who is not accuſtom'd to *Italian* Muſic, and has not an Ear to follow its Intricacies, that a *Scotch* Tune is not preferable. You have not even any ſingle Argument, beyond your own Taſte, which you can imploy in your Behalf: And to your Adverſary, his particular Taſte will always appear a much more convincing Argument to the contrary. If you be wiſe, each of you will allow, that the other may be in the right; and having many other Inſtances of this Diverſity of Taſte, you will both confeſs, that Beauty and Worth are merely of a relative Nature, and conſiſt in an agreeable Sentiment produc'd by an Object on a particular Mind, according to the peculiar Structure and Conſtitution of that Mind.

By this Diverſity of Sentiment, obſervable in human Kind, Nature has, perhaps, intended to make us ſenſible of her Authority, and let

let us ſee what ſurpriſing Changes ſhe cou'd produce on the Paſſions and Deſires of Mankind, merely by the Change of their inward Fabric, without any Alteration on the Objects. The Vulgar may even be convinc'd by this Argument: But Men accuſtom'd to thinking may draw a more convincing, at leaſt a more general Argument, from the very Nature of the Subject.

In that Operation, which we call Reaſoning, the Mind does nothing but run over its Objects, as they are ſuppos'd to ſtand in Reality, without adding any Thing to them, or diminiſhing any Thing from them. If I examine the *Ptolomæan* and *Copernican* Syſtems, I endeavour only, by my Enquiries, to know the real Situation of the Planets; that is, in other Words, I endeavour to give them, in my Mind or Conception, the ſame Relations as they bear towards each other in the Heavens. To this Operation of the Mind, therefore, there ſeems to be always a real, tho' often an unknown Standard, in the Nature of Things; nor is Truth or Falſhood variable by the various Apprehenſions of Mankind. Tho' all human Race ſhou'd for ever conclude, that

that the Sun moves, and the Earth remains at reſt, the Sun ſtirs not an Inch from his Place for all theſe Reaſonings; and ſuch Concluſions are eternally falſe and erroneous.

BUT the Caſe is not the ſame with the Qualities of *beautiful and deform'd, deſirable and odious*, as with Truth and Falſhood. In the former Caſe, the Mind is not contented with merely ſurveying its Objects, as they ſtand in themſelves: It alſo feels a Sentiment of Delight or Uneaſineſs, Approbation or Blame, conſequent to that Survey; and this Sentiment determines it to pronounce the Object *beautiful or deform'd, deſirable or odious*. Now, 'tis evident, that this Sentiment muſt depend upon the particular Fabric or Structure of the Mind, which enables ſuch particular Objects to operate in ſuch a particular Manner, and produces a Sympathy or Conformity betwixt the Mind and the Objects. Vary the Structure of the Mind or inward Organs, the Sentiment no longer follows, tho' the Objects remain the ſame. The Sentiment being different from the Object, and ariſing from the Operation of the Object upon the Organs of the Mind, an Alteration in any of theſe Particulars muſt vary the

the Effect, nor can the ſame Object, preſented to a Mind totally different, produce the ſame Sentiment.

THIS Concluſion every one is apt to form of himſelf, without much Philoſophy, where the Sentiment is evidently diſtinguiſhable from the Object. Who is not ſenſible, that Power, and Glory, and Vengeance, are not deſirable of themſelves, but derive all their Value from the Structure of human Paſſions, which begets a Deſire for ſuch particular Objects? But with regard to Beauty, either natural or moral, the Caſe is commonly ſuppos'd to be different. The agreeable Quality is thought to ly in the Object, not in the Sentiment; and that merely becauſe the Sentiment is not ſo turbulent and violent as to diſtinguiſh itſelf, in an evident Manner, from the Perception of the Object.

BUT a very little Reflection ſuffices to diſtinguiſh them. A Man may know exactly all the Circles and Ellipſes of the *Copernican* Syſtem, and all the irregular Spirals of the *Ptolomean*, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. *Euclid* has very

ry fully explain'd all the Qualities of the Circle, but has not, in any Propoſition, ſaid a Word of its Beauty. The Reaſon is evident. The Beauty is not a Quality of the Circle. It lyes not in any Part of the Line, *whoſe* Parts are all equally diſtant from a common Center. It is only the Effect, which that Figure operates upon the Mind, *whoſe* particular Fabric or Structure renders it ſuſceptible of ſuch Sentiments. In vain wou'd you look for it in the Circle, or ſeek it, either by your Senſes, or by mathematical Reaſonings, in all the Properties of that Figure.

THE Mathematician, who took no Pleaſure in reading *Virgil*, but that of examining *Æneas*'s Voyage by the Map, might underſtand perfectly the Meaning of every *Latin* Word, imploy'd by that divine Author; and conſequently, might have a diſtinct Idea of the whole Narration. He wou'd even have a more diſtinct Idea of it, than they cou'd have who had not ſtudy'd ſo exactly the Geography of the Poem. He knew, therefore, every Thing in the Poem: But he was ignorant of its Beauty; becauſe the Beauty, properly ſpeaking, lyes not in the Poem, but in the Sentiment

ment or Taſte of the Reader. And where a Man has no ſuch Senſibility of Temper, as to make him feel this Sentiment, he muſt be ignorant of the Beauty, tho' he be poſſeſs'd of all the Science and Underſtanding of an Angel †.

THE Inference from all this is, That it is not from the Value or Worth of the Object, which any Perſon purſues, that we can determine his Enjoyment, but merely from the Paſſion with which he purſues it, and the Succeſs

† Were I not afraid of appearing too philoſophical, I wou'd remind my Reader of that famous Doctrine, ſuppos'd to be fully prov'd in modern Times, *That Taſtes and Colours, and all other ſenſible Qualities, ly not in the Bodies, but merely in the Senſes.* The Caſe is the ſame with Beauty and Deformity, Virtue and Vice. This Doctrine, however, takes off no more from the Reality of the latter Qualities, than from that of the former; nor need it give any Umbrage either to Critics or Moraliſts. Tho' Colours were allow'd to ly only in the Eye, wou'd Dyers or Painters ever be leſs regarded or eſteem'd? There is a ſufficient Uniformity in the Senſes and Feelings of Mankind, to make all theſe Qualities the Objects of Art and Reaſoning, and to have the greateſt Influence on Life and Manners. And as 'tis certain, that the Diſcovery abovemention'd in natural Philoſophy, makes no Alteration on Action and Conduct; Why ſhou'd a like Diſcovery in moral Philoſophy make any Alteration?

Succeſs he meets with in his Purſuit. Objects have abſolutely no Worth or Value in themſelves. They derive their Worth merely from the Paſſion. If that be ſtrong, and ſteady, and ſucceſsful, the Perſon is happy. It cannot reaſonably be doubted, but a little Miſs, dreſt in a new Gown for a Dancing-School Ball, receives as compleat Enjoyment as the greateſt Orator, who triumphs in the Splendor of his Eloquence, while he governs the Paſſions and Reſolutions of a numerous Aſſembly.

ALL the Difference, therefore, betwixt one Man and another, with regard to Life, conſiſts either in the *Paſſion*, or in the *Enjoyment*: And theſe Differences are ſufficient to produce the wide Extremes of Happineſs and Miſery.

TO be happy, the *Paſſions* muſt neither be too violent, nor too remiſs. In the firſt Caſe, the Mind is in a perpetual Hurry and Fluſter; in the ſecond, it ſinks into a diſagreeable Indolence and Lethargy.

TO be happy, the Paſſions muſt be benign and ſocial; not rough or fierce. The Affecti-

ons of the latter Kind are not near ſo agreeable, to the Feeling, as thoſe of the former. Who will compare Rancour and Animoſity, Envy and Revenge, to Friendſhip, Benignity, Clemency and Gratitude?

To be happy, the Paſſions muſt be chearful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A Propenſity to Hope and Joy is real Riches: One to Fear and Sorrow, real Poverty.

Some Paſſions or Inclinations, in the *Enjoyment* of their Object, are not ſo ſteady or conſtant as others, nor convey ſuch a durable Pleaſure and Satisfaction. *Philoſophical Devotion*, for Inſtance, like the Enthuſiaſm of a Poet, is the tranſitory Effect of high Spirits, great Leiſure, a fine Genius, and a Habit of Study and Contemplation: But notwithſtanding all theſe Circumſtances, an abſtracted, inviſible Object, like that which *natural* Religion alone preſents to us, cannot long actuate the Mind, or be of any Moment in Life. To render the Paſſion of Continuance, we muſt find ſome Method of affecting the Senſes and Imagination, and muſt embrace ſome *hiſtorical* as well as *philoſophical* Accounts of the Divi-

Divinity. Popular Superſtitions and Obſervances are even found to be of Uſe in this Particular.

THO' the Tempers of Men be very different, yet we may ſafely pronounce in general, that a Life of Pleaſure cannot ſupport itſelf ſo long as one of Buſineſs, but is much more ſubject to Satiety and Diſguſt. The Amuſements, which are the moſt durable, have all a Mixture of Application and Attention in them; ſuch as Gaming and Hunting. And in general, Buſineſs and Action fill up all the great Vacancies of human Life.

BUT where the Temper is the beſt diſpos'd for any *Enjoyment*, the Object is often wanting: And in this reſpect, the Paſſions, which purſue *external* Objects, do not contribute ſo much to Happineſs, as thoſe which reſt in ourſelves; ſince we are neither ſo certain of attaining ſuch Objects, nor ſo ſecure of poſſeſſing them. A Paſſion for Learning is preferable, with regard to Happineſs, to one for Riches.

Some Men are poſſeſt of great Strength of Mind; and even when they purſue *external* Objects, are not much affected by a Diſappointment, but renew their Application and Induſtry with the greateſt Chearfulneſs. Nothing contributes more to Happineſs than this Turn of Mind.

According to this ſhort and imperfect Sketch of human Life, the happieſt Diſpoſition of Mind is the *virtuous*; or, in other Words, that which leads to Action and Employment, renders us ſenſible to the ſocial Paſſions, ſteels the Heart againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune, reduces the Affections to a juſt Moderation, makes our own Thoughts an Entertainment to us, and inclines us rather to the Pleaſures of Society and Converſation, than to thoſe of the Senſes. This, in the mean Time, muſt be obvious to the moſt careleſs Reaſoner, that all Diſpoſitions of Mind are not alike favourable to Happineſs, and that one Paſſion or Humour may be extremely deſirable, while another is equally hateful. And indeed, all the Difference betwixt the Conditions of Life depends upon the Mind; nor is there any Situation of Affairs, in itſelf, preferable

ferable to another. Good and Ill, both natural and moral, are entirely relative to human Sentiments and Affections. No Man wou'd ever be unhappy, cou'd he alter his Feelings. *Proteus*-like, he wou'd elude all Attacks, by the continual Alterations of his Shape and Form.

BUT this Reſource Nature has, in a great Meaſure, depriv'd us of. The Fabric and Conſtitution of our Mind no more depends on our Choice, than that of our Body. The Generality of Men have not even the ſmalleſt Notion, that any Alteration in this Reſpect can ever be deſirable. As a Stream neceſſarily follows the ſeveral Inclinations of the Ground, on which it runs; ſo are the ignorant and thoughtleſs Part of Mankind actuated by their natural Propenſities. Such are effectually excluded from all Pretenſions to Philoſophy, and the *Medicine of the Mind*, ſo much boaſted. But even upon the wiſe and thoughtful, Nature has a prodigious Influence; nor is it always in a Man's Power, by the utmoſt Art and Induſtry, to correct his Temper, and attain that virtuous Character, to which he aſpires. The Empire of Philoſophy extends over

over a few; and with Regard to theſe too, her Authority is very weak and limited. Men may well be ſenſible of the Value of Virtue, and may deſire to attain it; but 'tis not always certain, that they will be ſucceſsful in their Wiſhes.

WHOEVER conſiders, without Prejudice, the Courſe of human Actions, will find, that Men are almoſt entirely guided by Conſtitution and Temper, and that general Maxims have little Influence, but ſo far as they affect our Taſte or Sentiment. If a Man have a lively Senſe of Honour and Virtue, with moderate Paſſions, his Conduct will always be conformable to the Rules of Morality; or if he depart from them, his Return will be eaſy and expeditious. But, on the other Hand, where one is born of ſo perverſe a Frame of Mind, of ſo callous and inſenſible a Diſpoſition, as to have no Reliſh for Virtue and Humanity, no Sympathy with his Fellow-creatures, no Deſire of Eſteem and Applauſe; ſuch a one muſt be allow'd to be entirely incurable, nor is there any Remedy in Philoſophy. He reaps no Satisfaction but from low and ſenſual Objects, or from the Indulgence of malignant

ſhant Paſſions: He feels no Remorſe to controul his vicious Inclinations: He has not even that Senſe or Taſte, which is requiſite to make him deſire a better Character: For my Part, I know not how I ſhould addreſs myſelf to ſuch a one, or by what Arguments I ſhou'd endeavour to reform him. Shou'd I tell him of the inward Satisfaction that reſults from laudable and human Actions, the delicate Pleaſures of diſintereſted Love and Friendſhip, the laſting Enjoyments of a good Name and an eſtabliſhed Character; he might ſtill reply, that theſe were, perhaps, Pleaſures to ſuch as were ſuſceptible of them; but that, for his Part, he finds himſelf of a quite different Turn and Diſpoſition. I muſt repeat it; my Philoſophy affords no Remedy in ſuch a Caſe, nor cou'd I do any Thing but lament this Perſon's unhappy Condition. But then I ask, If any other Philoſophy can afford a Remedy; or if it be poſſible, by any Syſtem, to render all Mankind virtuous, however perverſe may be their natural Frame of Mind? Experience will ſoon convince us of the contrary; and I will venture to affirm, That, perhaps, the chief Benefit, which reſults from Philoſophy, ariſes in an indirect Manner. 'Tis certain, that a ſeri-

ous

ous Application to the Sciences and liberal Arts, ſoftens and humanizes the Temper, and cheriſhes thoſe fine Emotions, in which true Virtue and Honour conſiſts. It rarely, very rarely happens, that a Man of Taſte and Learning is not, at leaſt, an honeſt Man, whatever Frailties may attend him. The Bent of his Mind to ſpeculative Studies muſt mortify in him the Paſſions of Intereſt and Ambition, and muſt, at the ſame Time, give him a greater Senſibility of all the Decencies and Duties of Life. He feels more fully a moral Diſtinction in Characters and Manners; nor is his Senſe of this Kind diminiſh'd, but, on the contrary, it is much encreas'd, by his Speculations.

BESIDES ſuch inſenſible Changes upon the Temper and Diſpoſition, 'tis highly probable, that others may be produc'd by Study and Application. The prodigious Effects of Education may convince us, that the Mind is not altogether ſtubborn and inflexible, but will admit of many Alterations from its original Make and Structure. Let a Man propoſe to himſelf the Model of a Character, which he approves of; let him be well acquainted with thoſe

thoſe Particulars, in which his own Character deviates from this Model: Let him keep a conſtant Watch over himſelf, and bend his Mind, by a continual Effort, from the Vices towards the Virtues; and I doubt not but, in Time, he will find, in his Temper, an Alteration to the better.

HABIT is another powerful Means of reforming the Mind, and implanting in it good Diſpoſitions and Inclinations. A Man who continues for ſome Time in a Courſe of Sobriety and Temperance, will hate Riot and Diſorder: If he engage himſelf in Buſineſs or Study, Indolence will ſeem a Puniſhment to him: If he conſtrain himſelf to practiſe Beneficence and Affability, he will ſoon abhor all Inſtances of Pride and Violence. Where one is throughly convinc'd, that the virtuous Courſe of Life is preferable; if he has but Reſolution enough to impoſe a Violence on himſelf for ſome Time; his Reformation need not be deſpair'd of. The Misfortune is, that this Conviction and this Reſolution never can have Place, unleſs a Man be, before hand, tolerably virtuous.

HERE then is the utmoſt Triumph of Art and Philoſophy: It inſenſibly refines the Temper, and it points out to us thoſe Diſpoſitions which we ſhou'd endeavour to attain, by a conſtant *Bent* of Mind, and by repeated *Habit*. Beyond this I cannot acknowledge its Influence; and I muſt entertain great Doubts concerning all thoſe Exhortations and Conſolations, which are in ſuch Vogue among all ſpeculative Reaſoners.

WE have already obſerv'd, That no Objects are, of themſelves, deſirable or odious, valuable or deſpicable; but that all Objects acquire theſe Qualities from the particular Character and Conſtitution of the Mind, which ſurveys them. To diminiſh, therefore, or augment any Perſon's Value for an Object, to excite or moderate his Paſſions, there are no direct Arguments or Reaſons, which can be imploy'd with any Force or Influence. The catching Flies, like *Domitian*, if it give more Pleaſure, is preferable to the hunting wild Beaſts, like *William Rufus*, or conquering Kingdoms, like *Alexander*.

BUT tho' the Value of every Object can be determin'd only by the Sentiments or Paſſions of every Individual, we may obſerve, That the Paſſions, in pronouncing their Verdict, conſider not the Object ſimply, as it is in itſelf, but ſurvey it with all the Circumſtances that attend it. A Man tranſported with Joy, on Account of his poſſeſſing a Diamond, confines not his View to the gliſtering Stone before him: He alſo conſiders its Rarity, and from thence chiefly ariſes his Pleaſure and Exultation. Here therefore a Philoſpher may ſtep in, and ſuggeſt particular Views and Conſiderations, and Circumſtances, which otherwiſe wou'd have eſcap'd us; and, by that Means, he may either moderate or excite any particular Paſſion.

IT may ſeem unreaſonable abſolutely to deny the Authority of Philoſophy in this Reſpect: But it muſt be confeſt, that there lyes this ſtrong Preſumption againſt it, That if theſe Views be natural and obvious, they wou'd have occur'd of themſelves, without the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy; if they be not natural, they can never have any Influence on the Affections. *Theſe* are of a very delicate Nature, and cannot be forced or conſtrained by the utmoſt

utmoſt Art and Induſtry. A Conſideration, which we ſeek for on Purpoſe, which we enter into with Difficulty, which we retain with Care and Attention, can never produce thoſe genuine and durable Movements of Paſſion, which are the Reſult of Nature, and the Conſtitution of the Mind. A Man may as well pretend to cure himſelf of Love, by viewing his Miſtreſs thro' the *artificial* Medium of a Microſcope, or Proſpect, and beholding there the Coarſeneſs of her Skin, and monſtrous Diſproportion of her Features, as hope to excite or moderate any Paſſion by the *artificial* Arguments of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The Remembrance of the natural Aſpect and Situation of the Objects will, in both Caſes, ſtill return upon him. The Reflections of Philoſophy are too ſubtile and diſtant to take Place in common Life, or eradicate any Affection. The Air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the Winds and Clouds of the Atmoſphere.

Another Defect of thoſe Reflections, which Philoſophy preſents to us, is, That commonly they cannot diminiſh or extinguiſh our vicious Paſſions, without diminiſhing or extinguiſhing ſuch

ſuch as are virtuous, and rendering the Mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the moſt Part, general, and are applicable to all our Affections. In vain do we hope to direct their Influence only to one Side. If by inceſſant Study and Meditation we have rendered them very intimate and preſent to us, they will operate throughout, and ſpread an univerſal Inſenſibility over the Mind. When we deſtroy the Nerves, we extinguiſh the Senſe of Pleaſure, along with that of Pain.

IT will be eaſy, by one Glance of the Eye, to find one or other of theſe Defects in moſt of thoſe philoſophical Reflections, ſo much celebrated both in antient and modern Times. *Let not the Injuries or Violence of Men*, ſays *Marcus Aurelius, ever diſcompoſe you by Anger or Hatred. Wou'd you be angry at the Ape for its Malice, or the Tyger for its Ferocity?* This Reflection leads us into a bad Opinion of human Nature, and muſt extinguiſh the ſocial Affections. It tends alſo to remove all Remorſe for a Man's own Crimes, when he conſiders, that Vice is as natural to Mankind, as the particular Inſtincts to Brute-Creatures.

*ALL Ills ariſe from the Order of the Univerſe, which is abſolutely perfect. Wou'd you wiſh to diſturb ſo divine an Order for the Sake of your own particular Intereſt.* What if the Ills I ſuffer ariſe from Malice or Oppreſſion? *But the Vices and Imperfections of Men are alſo comprehended in the Order of the Univerſe.*

*If Plagues and Earthquakes break not Heav'ns Deſign,*
*Why then a* Borgia *or a* Cataline ?

Let this be allow'd; and my own Vices will alſo be a Part of the ſame Order.

*MAN is born to be miſerable; and is he ſurpriz'd at any particular Misfortune? And can he give Way to Sorrow and Lamentation upon Account of any Diſaſter?* Yes: He very reaſonably laments, that he ſhou'd be born to be miſerable. Your Conſolation preſents a hundred Ills for one, that you pretend to eaſe him of.

*YOU ſhou'd always have before your Eyes Death, Diſeaſe, Poverty, Blindneſs, Exile, Calumny, and Infamy, as Ills which are incident to human Nature. When any of theſe Ills falls to your Lot, you will bear it the better that you have laid your Account with it.* I



anſwer,

anſwer, If we confine ourſelves to a general and diſtant Reflection on the Ills of human Life, *that* can have no Effect to prepare us for them. If by cloſe and intenſe Meditation we render them preſent and intimate to us, *that* is the true Secret to poiſon all our Pleaſures, and render us perpetually miſerable.

*YOUR Sorrow is fruitleſs, and will not change the Courſe of Deſtiny.* Very true: And for that very Reaſon I am ſorry.

*CICERO*'s Conſolation for Deafneſs is ſomewhat curious. *How many Languages are there,* ſays he, *which you do not underſtand? The* Punic, Spaniſh, Gallic, Ægyptian, *&c. With regard to all theſe, you are as if you were deaf, and yet you are indifferent about the Matter. Is it then ſo great a Misfortune to be deaf to one Language more*?*

I LIKE better the Repartee of *Antipater* the *Cyreniac*, when ſome Women were condoling with him for his Blindneſs. *What!* ſays he, *Do you think there are no Pleaſures in the Dark?*

NO-

* *Tuſc. Quæſt.* Lib. V.

*NOTHING can be more deſtructive,* ſays *Fontenelle, to Ambition, and the Paſſion for Conqueſts, than the true Syſtem of Aſtronomy. What a poor Thing is even the whole Globe, in Compariſon of the infinite Extent of Nature?* This Conſideration is evidently too diſtant ever to have any Effect. And if it had any, wou'd it not deſtroy Patriotiſm as well as Ambition? The ſame gallant Author adds with ſome Reaſon, that the bright Eyes of the Ladies are the only Objects, which loſe nothing of their Luſtre or Value from the moſt extenſive Views of Aſtronomy and Philoſophy, but ſtand Proof againſt every Syſtem. Wou'd Philoſophers adviſe us to limit our Affection to them?

THERE are only two Conſiderations to be met with in Books of Philoſophy, from which any Effect is to be expected; and that becauſe theſe two Conſiderations alone are drawn from common Life, and occur upon the moſt ſuperficial View of human Affairs. When we conſider the Shortneſs and Uncertainty of Life, how frivolous do all our Purſuits of Happineſs appear? And even, if we wou'd extend our Concern beyond our own Life, how frivolous

volous do our moſt enlarg'd and moſt generous Projects appear, when we conſider the inceſſant Changes and Revolutions of human Affairs, by which Laws and Learning, Books and Governments are hurry'd away by Time, as by a rapid Stream, and are loſt in the immenſe Ocean of Matter? Such a Reflection does certainly tend to mortify all our Paſſions: But does it not thereby counter-work the Artifice of Nature, who has happily deceiv'd us into an Opinion, that human Life is of ſome Importance? And may not ſuch a Reflection be imploy'd with Succeſs by voluptuous Reaſoners, to lead us from the Paths of Action and Virtue, into the flowery Fields of Indolence and Pleaſure?

WE are inform'd by *Thucydides*, that, during the famous Plague of *Athens*, when Death ſeem'd preſent to every one's Eyes, a diſſolute Mirth and Gaiety prevail'd among the People, who exhorted one another to make the moſt of Life as long as it endur'd. The ſame Principle makes Soldiers, during War, to be more addicted to Riot and Expence, than any other Race of Men: And 'tis obſervable, in this Kingdom, that long Peace,

by producing Security, has much alter'd them in this Particular, and has quite remov'd our Officers from the generous Character of their Profeſſion.

THE *ſecond* Philoſophical Conſideration, which may often have an Influence on the Affections, is deriv'd from a Compariſon of our own Condition with the Condition of others. This Compariſon we are continually making, even in common Life; but the Misfortune is, that we are apt rather to compare our Situation with that of our Superiors, than with that of our Inferiors. A Philoſopher corrects this natural Infirmity, by turning his View to the other Side, in order to render himſelf eaſy in the Situation wherein Fortune has plac'd him. There are few People, who are not ſuſceptible of ſome Conſolation from this Reflection; tho', to a very good-natur'd Man, the View of human Miſeries ſhou'd rather produce Sorrow than Comfort, and add to his Lamentations for his own Misfortunes a deep Compaſſion for thoſe of others. Such is the Imperfection, even of the beſt of theſe philoſophical Topics of Conſolation.

I SHALL

I SHALL conclude this Subject with obſerving, That tho' Virtue be undoubtedly the beſt Choice, when it is attainable; yet ſuch is the Diſorder and Confuſion of human Affairs, that no perfect Oeconomy or regular Diſtribution of Happineſs and Miſery is ever, in this Life, to be expected. Not only the Goods of Fortune, and the Endowments of the Body, (both which are of great Importance) not only theſe Advantages, I ſay, are unequally divided betwixt the virtuous and vicious, but even the Mind itſelf partakes, in ſome Degree, of this Diſorder, and the moſt worthy Character, by the very Oeconomy of the Paſſions, does not always enjoy the higheſt Felicity.

'TIS obſervable, that tho' every bodily Diſeaſe or Pain proceeds from ſome Diſorder in the Parts, yet the Pain is not always proportion'd to the Diſorder; but is greater or leſs, according to the greater or leſs Senſibility of the Part, upon which the noxious Humours exert their Influence. A *Tooth-ach* produces more violent Convulſions of Pain, than a *Phthiſis*, or a *Dropſy*. In like Manner, with regard to the Conſtitution of the Mind, we may obſerve, that all Vice is indeed pernicious;

ous; but yet the Diſturbance or Pain is not meaſur'd out by Nature with exact Proportion to the Degrees of Vice, nor is the Man of higheſt Virtue, even abſtracting from external Accidents, always the moſt happy. A gloomy and melancholy Diſpoſition is certainly, *to our Sentiments*, a Vice or Imperfection; but as it may be accompany'd with a great Senſe of Honour and great Integrity, it may be found in very worthy Characters; tho' 'tis ſufficient alone to imbitter Life, and render the Perſon affected with it compleatly miſerable. On the other Hand, a ſelfiſh Villain may poſſeſs a Spring and Alacrity of Temper, a certain *Gaieté de cœur*, which is indeed a good Quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its Merit, and when attended with good Fortune, will compenſate the Uneaſineſs and Remorſe ariſing from all the other Vices.

I SHALL add, as an Obſervation to the ſame Purpoſe, that if a Man be liable to a Vice or Imperfection, it may often happen, that a good Quality, which he poſſeſſes along with it, will render him more miſerable, than if he were compleatly vicious. A Perſon of ſuch a Weakneſs and Imbecillity of Temper, as to be

be eaſily broke by Affliction, is more unhappy for being endow'd with a generous and friendly Diſpoſition, which gives him a lively Concern for others, and expoſes him the more to Fortune and Accidents. A Senſe of Shame, in an imperfect Character, is certainly a Virtue, but produces great Uneaſineſs and Remorſe, from which the abandon'd Villain is intirely free. A very amorous Complexion, with a Heart incapable of Friendſhip, is happier than the ſame Exceſs in Love, with a Generoſity of Temper, which tranſports a Man beyond himſelf, and renders him a total Slave to the Object of his Paſſion.

IN a Word, Human Life is more govern'd by Fortune than by Reaſon; is to be regarded more as a dull Paſtime than as a ſerious Occupation; and is more influenc'd by particular Humour than by general Principles. Shall we engage ourſelves in it with Paſſion and Anxiety? It is not worthy of ſo much Concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens? We loſe all the Pleaſure of the Game by our Phlegm and Careleſneſs. While we are reaſoning concerning Life, Life is gone; and Death, tho' *perhaps* they receive him differently

ferently, yet treats alike the Fool and the Philoſopher. To reduce Life to exact Rule and Method, is commonly a painful, oft a fruitleſs Occupation: And is it not alſo a Proof, that we over-value the Prize we contend for? Even to reaſon ſo carefully concerning it, and to fix with Accuracy its juſt Idea, would be over-valuing it, were it not that, to ſome Tempers, this Occupation is one of the moſt amuſing, in which Life cou'd poſſibly be imploy'd.

ESSAY

# ESSAY X.

## *Of* POLYGAMY *and* DIVORCES.

AS Marriage is an Engagement enter'd into by mutual Conſent, and, having for its End the Propagation of the Species, 'tis evident it muſt be ſuſceptible of all the Variety of Conditions, which mutual Conſent eſtabliſhes, provided they be not contrary to this End.

A MAN, in conjoining himſelf to a Woman, is bound to her according to the Terms of his Engagement: In begetting Children, he is bound, by all the Laws of Nature and Humanity, to provide for their Subſiſtence and Education. When he has perform'd theſe two Parts of his Duty, no Being can reproach him with Injuſtice or Injury. And as the Terms of his Engagement, as well as the Methods of ſubſiſting his Offspring, may be very various, 'tis mere Superſtition to imagine, that Marriage can be intirely uniform, and will admit

admit only of one Mode or Form. Did not human Laws reſtrain the natural Liberty of Men, every particular Marriage wou'd be as different from another, as Contracts or Bargains of any other Kind or Species.

As Circumſtances vary, and the Laws propoſe different Advantages, we find, that, in different Times and Places, they impoſe different Conditions on this important Contract. In *Tonquin* 'tis uſual for the Sailors, when the Ships come into the Harbour, to marry for the Seaſon; and, notwithſtanding this precarious Engagement, they are aſſur'd of the ſtricteſt Fidelity to their Bed, as well as in the whole Management of their Affairs, from thoſe temporary Spouſes.

I CANNOT, at preſent, recollect my Authorities; but I have ſomewhere read, That the Republic of *Athens*, having loſt many of its Citizens by War and Peſtilence, allow'd every Man to marry two Wives, in order the ſooner to repair the Waſte which had been made by theſe Calamities. The Poet *Euripides*, happen'd to be coupled to two ugly Vixons, who ſo plagu'd him with their Jealouſies

ſies and Quarrels, that he became ever after a profeſt *Woman-hater*; and is the only theatrical Writer, perhaps the only Poet, that ever entertain'd an Averſion againſt the whole Sex.

IN that agreeable Romance, call'd *the Hiſtory of the Sevarambians*, where a great many Men and a few Women are ſuppos'd to be ſhipwreck'd on a deſert Coaſt; the Captain of the Troop, in order to obviate thoſe endleſs Quarrels that aroſe, regulates their Marriages after the following Manner: He takes a handſome Female to himſelf alone; aſſigns one to every couple of inferior Officers; and to five of the loweſt Rank he gives one Wife in common. Cou'd the greateſt Legiſlator, in ſuch Circumſtances, have contriv'd Matters with greater Wiſdom?

THE antient *Britons* had a very ſingular Kind of Marriage, which is to be met with among no other People. Any Number of them, as ten or a dozen, join'd in a Society together, which was perhaps requiſite for mutual Defence in thoſe barbarous Times. In order to link this Society the cloſer, they took

an equal Number of Wives in common, and whatever Children were born, were reputed to belong to all of them, and were accordingly provided for by the whole Community.

Among the inferior Creatures, Nature herſelf, being the ſupreme Legiſlator, preſcribes all the Laws which regulates their Marriages, and varies thoſe Laws according to the different Circumſtances of the Creature. Where ſhe furniſhes, with Eaſe, Food and Defence to the new-born Animal, the preſent Embrace terminates the Marriage; and the Care of the Offspring is committed intirely to the Female. Where the Food is of more difficult Purchaſe, the Marriage continues for one Seaſon, till the common Progeny can provide for itſelf; and then the Link immediately diſſolves, and leaves each of the Parties free to enter into a new Engagement at the enſuing Seaſon. But Nature having endow'd Man with Reaſon, has not ſo exactly regulated every Article of his Marriage-contract, but has left him to adjuſt them, by his own Prudence, according to his particular Circumſtances and Situation. Municipal Laws are a Supply to the Wiſdom of each Individual; and, at the ſame Time,

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by reſtraining the natural Liberty of Men, make the private Intereſt ſubmit to the Intereſt of the Public. All Regulations, therefore, on this Head are equally lawful, and equally conformable to the Principles of Nature; tho' they are not all equally convenient, or equally uſeful to Society. The Laws may allow of Polygamy, as among the *Eaſtern* Nations; or of voluntary Divorces, as among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; or they may confine one Man to one Woman, during the whole Courſe of their Lives, as among the modern *Europæans*. It may not be diſagreeable to conſider the Advantages and Diſadvantages of each of theſe Inſtitutions.

THE Advocates for Polygamy may recommend it as the only effectual Remedy for the Furies and Diſorders of Love, and the only Expedient for freeing Men from that Slavery to the Females, which the natural Violence of our Paſſions has impos'd on us. By this Means alone can we regain our Right of Sovereignty; and, by ſating our Appetite, reeſtabliſh the Authority of Reaſon in our Minds, and, of Conſequence, our own Authority in our Families. Man, like a weak Sovereign, being

being unable to ſupport himſelf againſt the Wiles and Intrigues of his Subjects, muſt play one Faction againſt another, and become abſolute by the mutual Jealouſies of the Females. *To divide and to govern* is an univerſal Maxim; and, by neglecting it, the *Europæans* undergo a more grievous and a more ignominious Slavery than the *Turks* or *Perſians*, who are ſubjected indeed to a Sovereign, that lyes at a Diſtance from them, but in their domeſtic Affairs rule with an uncontroulable Sway. An honeſt *Turk*, who ſhould come from his Seraglio, where every one trembles before him, wou'd be ſurpriz'd to ſee *Sylvia* in her drawing Room, ador'd by all the Beaus and pretty Fellows about Town, and he wou'd certainly take her for ſome mighty and deſpotic Queen, ſurrounded by her Guard of obſequious Slaves and Eunuchs.

On the other Hand, it may be urg'd with better Reaſon, That this Sovereignty of the Man is a real Uſurpation, and deſtroys that Nearneſs, not to ſay Equality of Rank, which Nature has eſtabliſh'd betwixt the Sexes. We are, by Nature, their Lovers, their Friends, their Patrons: Wou'd we willingly change ſuch

ſuch endearing Appellations for the barbarous Titles of Maſter and Tyrant?

IN what Capacity ſhall we gain by this inhuman Proceeding? As Lovers, or as Huſbands? The *Lover* is totally annihilated; and Courtſhip, the moſt agreeable Scene in human Life, can no longer have Place, where Women have not the free Diſpoſal of themſelves, but are bought and ſold, like the meaneſt Animals. The *Husband* is as little a Gainer, having found the admirable Secret of extinguiſhing every Part of Love, except its Jealouſy. There is no Roſe without its Thorn; but he muſt be a fooliſh Wretch indeed, who throws away the Roſe, and preſerves only the Thorn.

I WOU'D not willingly inſiſt upon it as an Advantage in our *European* Cuſtoms, what was obſerv'd by *Mehemet Effendi* the laſt *Turkiſh* Ambaſſador in *France*. *We Turks*, ſays he, *are great Simpletons in Compariſon of the Chriſtians. We are at the Expence and Trouble of keeping a Seraglio, each in his own Houſe: But you eaſe yourſelves of this Burden, and have your Seraglio in your Friends Houſes.*

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The known Virtue of our *Britiſh* Ladies free them ſufficiently from this Imputation: And the *Turk* himſelf, however great a *Turk*, muſt own, that our free Commerce with the Fair-Sex, more than any other Invention, embelliſhes, enlivens, and poliſhes Society.

But the *Aſiatic* Manners are as deſtructive to Friendſhip as to Love. Jealouſy excludes Men from all Intimacies and Familiarities. No Man dare bring his Friend to his Houſe or Table, leſt he bring a Lover to his numerous Wives. Hence all over the Eaſt, each Family is as ſeparate from another, as if they were ſo many diſtinct Kingdoms. No Wonder then, that *Solomon*, living like an Eaſtern Prince, with his ſeven hundred Wives and three hundred Concubines, without one Friend, cou'd write ſo pathetically concerning the Vanity of the World. Had he try'd the Secret of one Wife or Miſtreſs, a few Friends, and a great many Companions, he might have found Life ſomewhat more agreeable. Deſtroy Love and Friendſhip, what does there remain in the World worth accepting?

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To render Polygamy more odious, I need not recount the frightful Effects of Jealouſy, and the Conſtraint in which it holds the Fair Sex all over the Eaſt. In thoſe Countries Men are not allow'd to have any Commerce with the Females, not even Phyſicians, when Sickneſs may be ſuppos'd to have extinguiſh'd all wanton Paſſions in the Boſoms of the Fair, and, at the ſame Time, has render'd them unfit Objects of Deſire. *Tournefort* tells us, That when he was brought into the *Grand Seignior*'s Seraglio as a Phyſician, he was not a little ſurpriz'd, in looking along a Gallery, to ſee a great Number of naked Arms, ſtanding out from the Sides of the Room. He cou'd not imagine what this cou'd mean; 'till he was told, that thoſe Arms belong'd to Bodies, which he muſt cure, without knowing any more about them, than what he cou'd learn from the Arms: He was not allow'd to ask a Queſtion of the Patient, or even of her Attendants, leſt he might find it neceſſary to enquire concerning Circumſtances, which the Delicacy of the Seraglio allows not to be reveal'd. Hence the Phyſicians in the Eaſtern Countries pretend to know all Diſeaſes from the Pulſe; as our Quacks in *Europe* undertake

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to cure a Perſon merely from ſeeing his Water. I ſuppoſe, had *Monſieur Tournefort* been of this latter Kind, he wou'd not, in *Conſtantinople*, have been allow'd by the jealous *Turks* to be furniſh'd with Materials requiſite for exerciſing his Art.

In another Country, where Polygamy is alſo allow'd, they render their Wives Cripples, and make their Feet of no Uſe to them, in order to confine them to their own Houſes. But it will, perhaps, ſurprize the Reader to hear, that in a *European* Country, where Polygamy is not allow'd, Jealouſy can yet be carry'd to ſuch a Height, that it is indecent ſo much as to ſuppoſe a Woman of Rank can have Feet or Legs. A *Spaniard* is jealous of the very Thoughts of thoſe who approach his Wife; and, if poſſible, will prevent his being diſhonour'd, even by the Wantonneſs of Imagination. Witneſs the following Story, which we have from very good Authority †. When the Mother of the late King of *Spain* was on her Road towards *Madrid*, ſhe paſt thro' a little Town in *Spain*, famous for its Manufactory

† *Memoires de la cour d' Eſpagne par Madame d' Aunoy.*

tory of Gloves and Stockings. The honeſt Magiſtrates of the Place thought they cou'd not better expreſs their Joy, for the Reception of their new Queen, than by preſenting her with a Sample of thoſe Commodities, for which alone their Town was remarkable. The *Major-Domo* who conducted the Queen, receiv'd the Gloves very graciouſly: But when the Stockings were preſented, he flung them away with great Indignation, and ſeverely reprimanded the Magiſtrates for this egregious Piece of Indecency. *Know*, ſays he, *That a Queen of* Spain *has no Legs*. The poor young Queen, who, at that Time, underſtood the Language but very imperfectly, and had been often frighten'd with Stories of *Spaniſh* Jealouſy, imagin'd they were to cut off her Legs. Upon which ſhe fell a crying, and begg'd them to conduct her back to *Germany*; for that ſhe never cou'd endure that Operation: And it was with ſome Difficulty they cou'd appeaſe her. *Philip* IV. is ſaid never in his Life to have laugh'd heartily, but at the Recital of this Story.

IF a *Spaniſh* Lady muſt not be ſuppos'd to have Legs, what muſt be ſuppos'd of a *Turkiſh*

*kiſh* Lady? She muſt not be ſuppos'd to have a Being at all. Accordingly, 'tis eſteem'd a Piece of Rudeneſs and Indecency at *Conſtantinople*, ever to make mention of a Man's Wives before him †. In *Europe*, 'tis true, fine bred People make it alſo a Rule never to talk of their Wives: But the Reaſon is not founded on our Jealouſy. I ſuppoſe it is becauſe we ſhou'd be apt, were it not for this Rule, to become troubleſome to Company, by talking too much of them.

THE Preſident *Monteſquiou* has given a different Reaſon for this polite Maxim, *Men*, ſays he, *never care to mention their Wives in Company, leſt they ſhould talk of them before People, that know them better than they do themſelves.*

HAVING rejected Polygamy, and match'd one Man with one Woman, let us now conſider what Duration we ſhall aſſign to their Union, and whether we ſhall admit of thoſe voluntary Divorces, which were in Uſe among the *Greeks* and *Romans*. They who wou'd

† *Memoires de Marquis d'Argens.*

wou'd defend this Practice, may imploy the following Reaſons.

HOW often does Diſguſt and Averſion ariſe after Marriage, from the moſt trivial Accidents, or from an Incompatibility of Humour; where Time, inſtead of curing the Wounds proceeding from mutual Injuries, does every Day feſter them the more, by new Quarrels and Reproaches? Let us ſeparate Hearts, which are not made for each other. Each of them may, perhaps, find another, for which it is better fitted: At leaſt, nothing can be more cruel, than to preſerve, by Violence, an Union, which, at firſt, was made by mutual Love, and is now, in Effect, diſſolv'd by mutual Hatred.

BUT the Liberty of Divorces is not only a Cure to Hatred and domeſtic Quarrels; it is alſo an admirable Preſervative againſt them, and the only Secret for keeping alive that Love, which firſt united the marry'd Couple. The Heart of Man delights in Liberty: The very Image of Conſtraint is grievous to it: When you wou'd confine it by Violence, to what wou'd otherwiſe have been its Choice,

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its Inclination immediately changes, and Deſire is turn'd into Averſion. If the public Intereſt will not allow us to enjoy in Polygamy that *Variety*, which is ſo agreeable in Love; deprive us not at leaſt of that *Liberty*, which is ſo eſſentially requiſite. In vain you tell me, that I had my Choice of the Perſon, with whom I wou'd conjoin myſelf. I had my Choice, 'tis true, of my Priſon; but this is but a ſmall Comfort, ſince it muſt ſtill be a Priſon.

SUCH are the Arguments, which may be urg'd in favour of Divorces: But there ſeem to be theſe three unanſwerable Objections againſt them; *Firſt*, What muſt become of the Children, upon the Separation of the Parents? Muſt they be committed to the Care of a Stepmother; and, inſtead of the fond Care and Concern of a Mother, feel all the Indifference or Hatred of a Stranger or an Enemy? Theſe Inconveniencies are ſufficiently felt, where Nature has made the Divorce by the Doom inevitable to all Mortals: And ſhall we ſeek to multiply theſe Inconveniencies, by multiplying Divorces, and putting it in the Power of Parents,

Parents, upon every Caprice, to render their Poſterity miſerable?

*Secondly*, IF it be true, on the one Hand, that the Heart of Man naturally delights in Liberty, and hates every Thing to which it is confin'd; 'tis alſo true, on the other Hand, that the Heart of Man naturally ſubmits to Neceſſity, and ſoon loſes an Inclination when there appears an abſolute Impoſſibility of ſatisfying it. Theſe Principles of human Nature, you'll ſay, are contradictory: But what is Man but a Heap of Contradictions? Tho' 'tis remarkable, that where Principles are, after this Manner, contrary in their Operation, they do not always deſtroy each other; but the one or the other may predominate on any particular Occaſion, according as Circumſtances are more or leſs favourable to it. For Inſtance, Love is a reſtleſs and impatient Paſſion, full of Caprices and Variations; ariſing in a Moment from a Feature, from an Air, from nothing, and ſuddenly extinguiſhing after the ſame Manner. Such a Paſſion requires Liberty above all Things; and therefore *Eloiſa* had Reaſon, when, in order to preſerve this Paſſion, ſhe refus'd to marry her belov'd *Abelard*.

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*How oft, when preſt to Marriage, have I ſaid,*
*Curſe on all Laws, but thoſe which Love has made.*
*Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,*
*Spreads his light Wing, and in a Moment flies.*

But *Friendſhip* is a calm and ſedate Affection, conducted by Reaſon, and cemented by Habit; ſpringing from long Acquaintance and mutual Obligations; without Jealouſies or Fears, and without thoſe feveriſh Fits of Heat and Cold, which cauſe ſuch an agreeable Torment in the amorous Paſſion. So ſober an Affection, therefore, as Friendſhip, rather thrives under Conſtraint, and never riſes to ſuch a Height, as when any ſtrong Intereſt or Neceſſity binds two Perſons together, and gives them ſome common Object of Purſuit. Let us conſider then, whether Love or Friendſhip ſhou'd moſt predominate in Marriage; and we ſhall ſoon determine whether Liberty or Conſtraint be moſt favourable to it. The happieſt Marriages, to be ſure, are found where Love, by long Acquaintance, is conſolidated into Friendſhip. Whoever dreams of Raptures and Extaſies beyond the Honey-moon, is a Fool. Even Romances themſelves, with all their Liberty of Fiction, are oblig'd to drop their Lovers the very Day of their Marriage, and find

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it eaſier to ſupport the Paſſion for a dozen of Years under Coldneſs, Diſdain and Difficulties, than a Week under Poſſeſſion and Security. We need not, therefore, be afraid of drawing the Marriage-knot the cloſeſt poſſible; the Friendſhip betwixt the Perſons, where it is ſolid and ſincere, will rather gain by it: And where it is wavering and uncertain, this is the beſt Expedient for fixing it. How many frivolous Quarrels and Diſguſts are there, which People of common Prudence endeavour to forget, when they ly under the Neceſſity of paſſing their Lives together; but which wou'd ſoon inflame into the moſt deadly Hatred, were they purſu'd to the utmoſt, under the Proſpect of an eaſy Separation?

IN the *third* Place, we muſt conſider, that nothing is more dangerous than to unite two Perſons ſo cloſe in all their Intereſts and Concerns, as Man and Wife, without rendering the Union intire and total. The leaſt Poſſibility of a ſeparate Intereſt muſt be the Source of endleſs Quarrels and Jealouſies. What Dr. *Parnel* calls

*The little pilfering Temper of a Wife,*

will be doubly ruinous; and the Husband's Selfiſh-

Selfiſhneſs, being accompany'd with more Power, may be ſtill more dangerous.

Shou'd theſe Reaſons againſt voluntary Divorces be eſteem'd inſufficient, I hope no Body will pretend to refuſe the Teſtimony of Experience. At the Time that Divorces were moſt frequent among the *Romans*, Marriages were moſt rare; and *Auguſtus* was oblig'd, by penal Laws, to force the Men of Faſhion of *Rome* into the married State: A Circumſtance which is ſcarce to be found in any other Age or Nation.

The Excluſion of Polygamy and Divorces ſufficiently recommends our preſent *European* Practice, with Regard to Marriage.

ESSAY

# ESSAY XI.

## *Of* SIMPLICITY *and* REFINEMENT.

FINE Writing, according to Mr. *Addiſon*, conſiſts of Sentiments, which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juſter, and more conciſe Definition of fine Writing.

SENTIMENTS, which are merely natural, affect not the Mind with any Pleaſure, and ſeem not worthy to engage our Attention. The Pleaſantries of a Waterman, the Obſervations of a Peaſant, the Ribaldry of a Porter or Hackney-coach Man; all theſe are natural, and diſagreeable. What an inſipid Comedy ſhou'd we make of the Chit-chat of a Tea-table, copy'd faithfully and at full Length? Nothing can pleaſe Perſons of Taſte, but Nature drawn with all her Graces and Ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low Life, the Strokes muſt be ſtrong and remarkable, and muſt convey a lively Image to the

Mind. The abſurd † Naivety of *Sancho Pancho* is repreſented in ſuch inimitable Colours by *Cervantes*, that it entertains as much as the Picture of the moſt magnanimous Hero, or ſofteſt Lover.

THE Caſe is the ſame with Orators, Philoſophers, Critics, or any Author, who ſpeaks in his own Perſon, without introducing other Speakers or Actors. If his Language be not elegant, his Obſervations uncommon, his Senſe ſtrong and maſculine, he will in vain boaſt his Nature and Simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the Unhappineſs of ſuch Authors, that they are never blam'd nor cenſur'd. The good Fortune of a Book, and that of a Man, are not the ſame. The ſecret deceiving Path of Life, which *Horace* talks of, *fallentis ſemita vitæ*, may be the happieſt Lot of the one; but is the greateſt Misfortune that the other can poſſibly fall into.

ON the other Hand, Productions, which are merely ſurpriſing, without being natural, can

† A Word which I have borrow'd from the *French*, and which is much wanted in our Language.

can never give any laſting Entertainment to the Mind. To draw Chimeras is not, properly ſpeaking, to copy or imitate. The Juſtneſs of the Repreſentation is loſt, and the Mind is diſpleas'd to find a Picture, which bears no Reſemblance to any Original. Nor are ſuch exceſſive Refinements more agreeable in the epiſtolary or philoſophic Stile than in the Epic or Tragic. Too much Ornament is a Fault in every Kind of Production. Uncommon Expreſſions, ſtrong Flaſhes of Wit, pointed Similies, and epigrammatic Turns, eſpecially when laid too thick, are a Disfigurement, rather than any Embeliſhment of Diſcourſe. As the Eye, in ſurveying a *Gothic* Building, is diſtracted by the Multiplicity of Ornaments, and loſes the whole by its minute Attention to the Parts; ſo the Mind, in peruſing a Work over-ſtock'd with Wit, is fatigu'd and diſguſted with the conſtant Endeavour to ſhine and ſurprize. This is the Caſe where a Writer over-abounds in Wit, even tho' that Wit, in itſelf, ſhou'd be juſt and agreeable. But it commonly happens to ſuch Writers, that they ſeek for their favourite Ornaments, even where the Subject affords them not; and, by that Means, have twenty inſi-

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pid Conceits for one Thought that is really beautiful.

THERE is no Subject in critical Learning more copious than this of the juſt Mixture of Simplicity and Refinement in Writing; and therefore, not to wander in too large a Field, I ſhall confine myſelf to a few general Obſervations on that Head.

*Firſt*, I obſerve, *That tho' the Exceſſes of both Kinds are to be avoided, and tho' a proper Medium ought to be ſtudy'd in all Productions; yet this Medium lyes not in a Point, but admits of a very conſiderable Latitude.* Conſider the wide Diſtance, in this Reſpect, betwixt Mr. *Pope* and *Lucretius*. Theſe ſeem to ly in the two greateſt Extremes of Refinement and Simplicity, which a Poet can indulge himſelf in, wirhout being guilty of any blameable Exceſs. All this Interval may be fill'd with Poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar Stile and Manner. *Corneille* and *Congreve*, who carry their Wit and Refinement ſomewhat farther than Mr. *Pope* (if Poets of ſo different a Kind can be compar'd together)

gether) and *Sophocles* and *Terence*, who are more ſimple than *Lucretius*, ſeem to have gone out of that Medium, wherein the moſt perfect Productions are to be found, and are guilty of ſome Exceſs in theſe oppoſite Characters. Of all the great Poets, *Virgil* and *Racine*, in my Opinion, ly neareſt the Center, and are the fartheſt remov'd from both the Extremities.

MY *ſecond* Obſervation on this Head is, *That it is very difficult, if not impoſſible, to explain, by Words, wherein the juſt Medium betwixt the Exceſſes of Simplicity and Refinement conſiſts, or to give any Rule, by which we can know preciſely the Bounds betwixt the Fault and the Beauty.* A Critic may not only diſcourſe very judiciouſly on this Head, without inſtructing his Readers, but even without underſtanding the Matter perfectly himſelf. There is not in the World a finer Piece of Criticiſm than *Fontenelle*'s *Diſſertation on Paſtorals*; wherein, by a Number of Reflections and philoſophical Reaſonings, he endeavours to fix the juſt Medium, which is ſuitable to that Species of Writing. But let any one read the Paſtorals of that Author, and he will be con-

convinc'd, that this judicious Critic, notwithſtanding his fine Reaſonings, had a falſe Taſte, and fix'd the Point of Perfection much nearer the Extreme of Refinement, than paſtoral Poetry will admit of. The Sentiments of his Shepherds are better ſuited to the Toilettes of *Paris*, than to the Foreſts of *Arcadia*. But this it is impoſſible to diſcover from his critical Reaſonings. He blames all exceſſive Painting and Ornament as much as *Virgil* cou'd have done, had *he* wrote a Diſſertation on this Species of Poetry. However different the Taſtes of Men may be, their general Diſcourſes on theſe Subjects are commonly the ſame. No Criticiſm can be very inſtructive, which deſcends not to Particulars, and is not full of Examples and Illuſtrations. 'Tis allow'd on all Hands, that Beauty, as well as Virtue, lyes always in a Medium; but where this Medium is plac'd, is the great Queſtion, and can never be ſufficiently explain'd by general Reaſonings.

I SHALL deliver it as a *third* Obſervation on this Subject, *That we ought to be more on our Guard againſt the Exceſs of Refinement than that of Simplicity; and that becauſe the former*

*mer Exceſs is both leſs* beautiful, *and more* dangerous *than the latter.*

'TIS a certain Rule, That Wit and Paſſion are intirely inconſiſtent. When the Affections are mov'd, there is no Place for the Imagination. The Mind of Man being naturally limited, 'tis impoſſible all its Faculties can operate at once: And the more any one predominates, the leſs Room is there for the others to exert their Vigour. For this Reaſon, a greater Degree of Simplicity is requir'd in all Compoſitions, where Men, and Actions, and Paſſions are painted, than in ſuch as conſiſt of Reflections and Obſervations. And as the former Species of Writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may ſafely, upon this Account, give the Preference to the Extreme of Simplicity above that of Refinement.

WE may alſo obſerve, That thoſe Compoſitions, which we read the oftneſt, and which every Man of Taſte has got by Heart, have the Recommendation of Simplicity, and have nothing ſurprizing in the Thought, when diveſted of that Elegance of Expreſſion, and Harmony of Numbers, with which it is cloath'd.

cloath'd. If the Merit of the Compoſition lyes in a Point of Wit; it may ſtrike at firſt; but the Mind anticipates the Thought in the ſecond Peruſal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an Epigram of *Martial*, the firſt Line recals the Whole; and I have no Pleaſure in repeating to myſelf what I know already. But each Line, each Word in *Catullus* has its Merit; and I am never tir'd with the Peruſal of him. 'Tis ſufficient to run over *Cowley* once: But *Parnel*, after the fiftieth Reading, is as freſh as at the firſt. Beſides, 'tis with Books, as with Women, where a certain Plainneſs of Manner and of Dreſs is more engaging than that Glare of Paint and Airs and Apparel, which may dazle the Eye, but reaches not the Affections. *Terence* is a modeſt and baſhful Beauty, to whom we grant every Thing, becauſe he aſſumes nothing, and whoſe Purity and Nature, make a durable, tho' not a violent, Impreſſion upon us.

But Refinement, as it is the leſs *beautiful*, ſo it is the more *dangerous* Extreme, and what we are the apteſt to fall into. Simplicity paſſes for Dulneſs, when it is not accompany'd with great Elegance and Propriety. On the contrary.

contrary, there is ſomething ſurprizing in a Blaze of Wit and Conceit. Ordinary Readers are mightily ſtruck with it, and falſly imagine it to be the moſt difficult, as well as moſt excellent Way of Writing. *Seneca* abounds with agreeable Faults, ſays *Quinctilian*, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that Reaſon is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the Taſte of the young and inconſiderate.

I SHALL add, That the Exceſs of Refinement is now more to be guarded againſt than ever; becauſe 'tis the Extreme, which Men are the moſt apt to fall into, after Learning has made great Progreſs, and after eminent Writers have appear'd in every Species of Compoſition. The Endeavour to pleaſe by Novelty, leads Men wide of Nature and Simplicity, and fills their Writings with Affectation and Conceit. 'Twas thus the Age of *Claudius* and *Nero* became ſo much inferior to that of *Auguſtus* in Taſte and Genius: And perhaps there are, at preſent, many Symptoms of a like Degeneracy of Taſte, in *France* as well as in *England*.

# ESSAY XII.

## *A Character of Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE.

THERE never was a Man, whoſe Actions and Character have been more earneſtly and openly canvaſſed, than thoſe of the preſent Miniſter, who, having govern'd a learn'd and free Nation for ſo long a Time, amidſt ſuch mighty Oppoſition, may make a large Library of what has been wrote for and againſt him, and is the Subject of above Half the Paper that has been blotted in this Nation within theſe Twenty Years. I wiſh, for the Honour of our Country, that any one Character of him had been drawn with ſuch *Judgment* and *Impartiality*, as to have ſome Credit with Poſterity, and to ſhow, that our Liberty has, once at leaſt, been imploy'd to good Purpoſe. I am only afraid of failing in the former Quality of Judgment: But if it ſhou'd be ſo, 'tis but one Page more thrown away, after an hundred Thouſand,

ſand, upon the ſame Subject, that have periſh'd, and become uſeleſs. In the mean Time, I ſhall flatter myſelf with the pleaſing Imagination, that the following Character will be adopted by future Hiſtorians.

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*, Prime Miniſter of *Great Britain*, is a Man of Ability, not a Genius; good natur'd, not virtuous; conſtant, not magnanimous; moderate, not equitable †. His Virtues, in ſome Inſtances, are free from the Allay of thoſe Vices, which uſually accompany ſuch Virtues: He is a generous Friend, without being a bitter Enemy. His Vices, in other Inſtances, are not compenſated by thoſe Virtues which are nearly ally'd to them: His Want of Enterpriſe is not attended with Frugality. The private Character of the Man is better than the public: His Virtues more than his Vices: His Fortune greater than his Fame. With many good Qualities he has incurr'd the public Hatred: With good Capacity he has not eſcap'd Ridicule. He would have been eſteem'd more worthy of his high Station, had he never poſſeſt it; and is better

† Moderate in the Exerciſe of Power, not equitable in engroſſing it.

ter qualify'd for the ſecond than for the firſt Place in any Government. His Miniſtry has been more advantageous to his Family than to the Public, better for this Age than for Poſterity, and more pernicious by bad Precedents than by real Grievances. During his Time Trade has flouriſh'd, Liberty declin'd, and Learning gone to Ruin. As I am a Man, I love him; as I am a Scholar, I hate him; as I am a *Briton*, I calmly wiſh his Fall. And were I a Member of either Houſe, I wou'd give my Vote for removing him from *St. James's*; but ſhou'd be glad to ſee him retire to *Houghton-Hall*, to paſs the Remainder of his Days in Eaſe and Pleaſure.

*FINIS.*

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